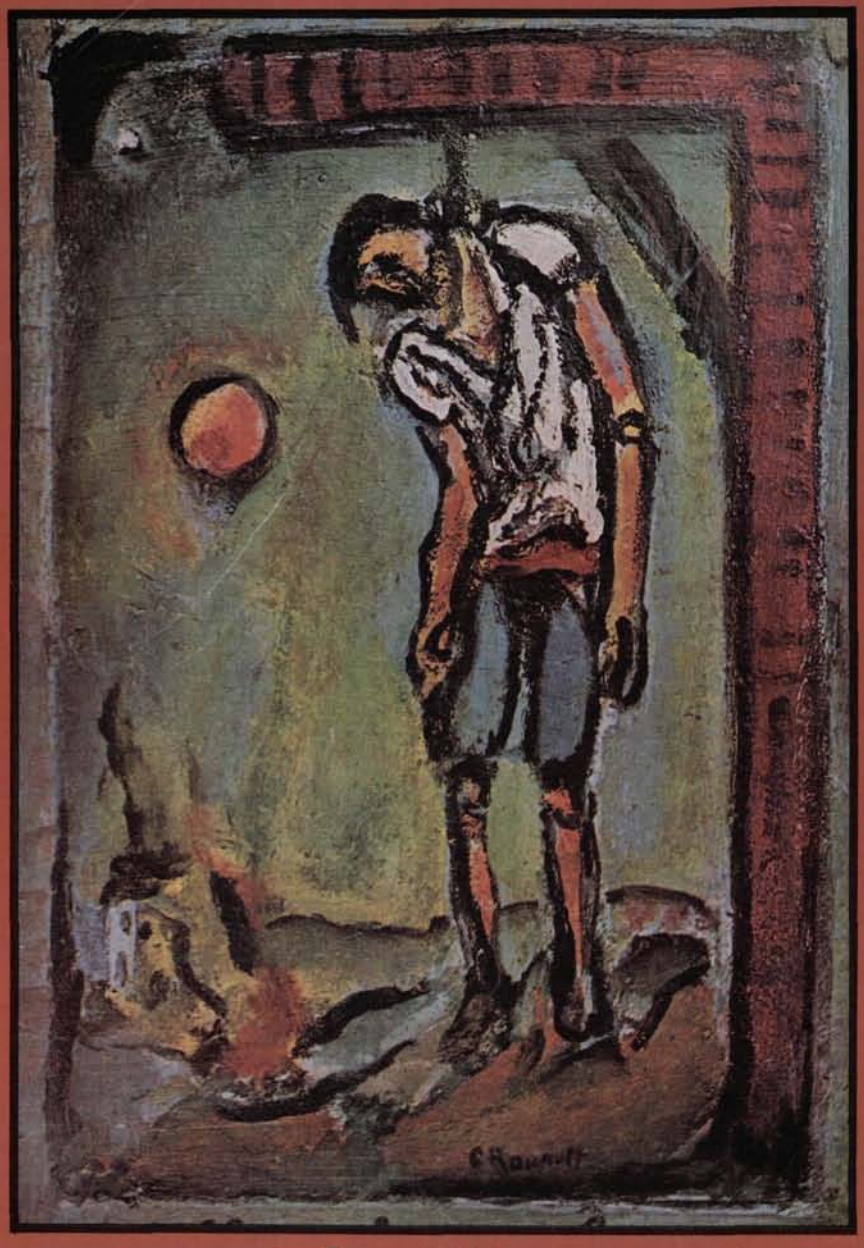
Tip O'Neill: An Unlikely Hero • Loophole-Ridden CIA Reform
Why Hospitals Buy Politicians • Lyrics by Rosenblatt

THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 11, 1978 Price One Dollar

VSPAPER NEWSPAP
NR NYYS L099SEP'78 1 01
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO 44017



Terrorism: The War Against All

Bernard-Henri Levy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cuisine a la Madison
7:00 a.m. until Midnight

THE MONTPELIER RESTAURANT
Superb continental cuisine and vintages graciously served in an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Open for luncheon, dinner and an enticing English Brunch on Sundays (except July and August) from 11 a.m. until 3 p.m.

THE MONTPELIER LOUNGE
Prix Fixe Buffet
from 11:30 a.m. until 2:30 p.m.
An intimate cocktail rendezvous
from 5 p.m. until 2 a.m.

LA PROVENCE
A continental coffee house for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

THE RETREAT
An old English pub serving fine refreshments, luncheon and light supper.

LA TERRACE
A delightful Parisien cafe open from 7 a.m. until 3 p.m.

LE RENDEZ-VOUS
A European streetside restaurant serving breakfast, brunch and lunch.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Free inside parking, sheltered access
Reservations • Telephone (202) 785-1000
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor

TRB

from Washington
February 11, 1978

Budget Season

For 198 years Congress had no formal budget. Then in 1974 it undertook to prepare one every year in what was, and is, regarded as a major reform. But its success is questionable. In fact the test comes now; this is the critical year. Lying in a hospital bed after a recent back operation, the chairman of the new Senate Budget Committee, Edmund Muskie, looked grimly up at the ceiling and resolved that when he was up and about again he would devote everything he had to bringing the purse strings back to Congress, as the Founding Fathers proposed.

The Fathers had sound British names like Livingston and Franklin and Madison and Hamilton and they gave the money-power to Congress, and now men with names like Giaimo, Democrat of Connecticut and chairman of the House Budget committee, and Senator Muskie of Maine, whose father was an immigrant Polish tailor named Marciszewski, are trying to restore some of it. Their success seems chancey.

The new budget process has wavered because it requires Congressional self-discipline and it is doubtful if that exists. This year will probably decide the matter, and it will probably pit Muskie once more against the Grand Satrap of Congress, Russell Long of Louisiana. As chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Long is the second or third most powerful man in Washington.

President Carter has sent his budget to Congress and many think that ends the process. The fact is, of course, that no President by himself has ever been able to tax a citizen or appropriate a dollar. Theoretically it's Congress that does it. On Monday, February 6, the budget staff set up by the 1974 Act submits two 50-page reports, one on the economic outlook for fiscal year 1979 (starting October 1), and the other on a five year projection, 1979-83. These are part of the tools Congress gets to help write its own budget.

Before 1974, one set of committees wrote the taxes and another set decided on the expenditures and the two rarely got together. The president stepped into the vacuum and his budget guided Congress. Since Congress avoided responsibility and generally voted more money than asked (subject to White House veto), it got the reputation of being the reckless branch.

Congress, in half-century cycles, has tried to dominate the White House—generally, it must be said, with poor results. It did under Andrew Johnson and Grant, again under Harding and now, 50 years later, after the double strain of Vietnam and Nixon. The confrontation with Nixon began before Watergate. Congress appropriated money, Nixon impounded it; finally Congress took counter-measures, one of them being to install a formal budget system which it had debated for a century or so.

Under this procedure Congress is about to bind itself to raise a certain amount of revenue and spend a certain amount in appropriations. These committments are supposed to harmonize, with the aid of a whopping deficit. The 1974 law set up two budget committees, and a first-rate professional staff under Alice M. Rivlin to supply Congress with data.

Under the new procedure Congress schedules its budget by the clock, which is already ticking. There are two solemn calendar guideposts. There is the "First Concurrent Resolution," set for May 15, by which time the Senate and House budget committees have decided the nation's assets and needs. Then comes the "Second Concurrent Resolution," set for September 15, by which time the floor debate must be over and the Senate and House agreed on the package, or budget. In Congressional jargon the phrases "First and Second Concurrent Resolutions" have some of the importance of Easter and Christmas.

That's the procedure and President Carter's budget (which, for convenience, we will call the executive budget) has been put into this sausage machine. With this process the executive budget can be examined by Congress as a whole for the first time.

Writing a budget and abiding by it are two different things, however. It was hoped to curb reckless spending by allowing any member to raise "a point of order" against a measure that would either increase overall spending after the budget was approved, or that would cut taxes below the agreed revenue level. This serves to act as a kind of one-man veto.

But the new budget process, right

(continued on page 38)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Business and the rational mind, Part I

Surviving in a complex world•The slot machine theory•Strengths, frailties, and shared water

As one of the world's largest industrial organizations, we know we can retain our franchise to do business around the world only as long as the job we do is effective, useful, and important in serving people's needs. And only as long as people realize this.

We have to be sensitively concerned with society's problems and hopes, even if only in our own self-interest, because we are intricately involved in the complexities of this increasingly complex world. And we learned a long time ago that the success of a company depends in part on factors that don't appear in the balance sheet.

We believe the United States has entered a period in which people will increasingly want to know more about a corporation than just the quality of its products and services. We believe that more and more people are going to want to know something of the value patterns and basic convictions of the individuals who run a corporation, the individuals who in many ways set the tone for the entire company and who inevitably exert an impact on society.

Which is to say that what people think of a company has a lot to do with whether or not it makes money, or indeed even survives. A company such as ours certainly cannot plead that it exists solely to sell goods and services and to earn a profit. No such company can any longer take for granted even the right to be in business, because that right could be withdrawn any time such action seemed desirable to enough people.

In the words of a former chairman of Mobil, "No business is truly safe unless it serves its customers better than they could serve themselves, persuades them that it is doing so, and retains their goodwill in the process. One can't be too sure how long corporations would retain their present opportunities to operate at a profit if making money were their sole contribution to society."

Mobil tries to be a good employer, a good supplier, a good customer, a good investment, and a socially conscious organization. We try also to be responsive to the aspirations and legitimate needs of minorities and others of the disadvantaged, to environmental problems, and to a host of other concerns. And we would not argue that this is undiluted altruism.

Clearly, however, a corporation labors under severe handicaps in trying to establish itself as a good citizen. The criteria are frequently hazy and subject to sharp differences of opinion among contending groups. There are, and probably always will be, those who find something sinister in the very existence of a large corporation—particularly, we suppose, a large oil company.

Many people view the modern corporation as a glorified slot machine created and operated by glassy-eyed, flint-hearted bankers, lawyers, and technocrats. All this quite naturally plays into the hands of political demagogues, who realize that relatively few of the general public have the information necessary to make value judgments where complex issues of economics and technology are involved.

Since many politicians' concept of infinity extends only to the next election, it is probably unrealistic to expect them to behave otherwise. But this compounds the problems of more-responsible politicians and of businesses that are laboring to persuade the public by concrete example that they are fair, conscientious, public-spirited, and socially desirable.

This is not to argue that all businesses—or any of them, for that matter—are perfect. Far from it. But the individuals who run businesses did not resign from the human race when they became corporate managers. And the individuals who devote themselves in such large measure to denouncing our industrial civilization do not thereby acquire halos. We all have our frailties.

Having said that, we have to add that we are mystified that so many of our critics can forget that we have to breathe the same air they breathe, drink the same water they drink, live in the same towns and cities they live in, enjoy the same beaches they enjoy, and exist in the same society in which they exist. How could we possibly be oblivious to the quality of life or to the aspirations of an upwardly mobile society?

We think the public is ill-served by a situation in which private business and its critics find themselves in a running battle of charge and counter-charge. In our view, our country needs and is entitled to a calmer, more constructive dialogue to delineate more sharply the most productive relationship between business and society. That way, we believe, lies the best hope for the future.

©1978 Mobil Corporation

Mobil®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 178, No. 6, Issue 3292, February 11, 1978. Published weekly (except the issues of July 15, August 12, September 2, December 30) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students $17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 205 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1978 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Cover: Homo Homini Lupus *(1948) by Georges Roualt, Musée National D'Art Moderne, Paris. Article on page 14.*

Contents

TRB from Washington	2	**Budget Season**
Comment	5	**Intelligence Needs Reform, Reforms Need Intelligence** **Saudi Duty Time**
	7	**Correspondence**
Tad Szulc	8	**The Strauss Round**
John Osborne	10	**White House Watch: After One Year**
Eliot Marshall	12	**Climbing Into the Hospitals' Beds**
Bernard-Henri Levy	14	**The War Against All**
William A. Henry, III	18	**The Unlikely Cult Figure**
		Arts and Lives
Stanley Kauffmann	24	**Films**
		Books Considered
James Olney	26	**Zora Neale Hurston by Robert E. Hemenway**
Wendy Lesser	28	**The Victim As Criminal and Artist by H. Bruce Franklin**
Daphne Merkin	30	**My Sister's Hand in Mine by Jane Bowles**
Dennis A. Williams	31	**Ethnic Chauvinism by Orlando Patterson**
Richard Bienvenu	32	**Work Without Salvation by James B. Gilbert**
Robert G. O'Meally	33	**Reconsideration: Sterling A. Brown**
Roger Rosenblatt	36	**The Back of the Book: I Re-write the Songs**
Washington Diarist	42	**Stay Away**

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

British Officer's Ribbon Epaulet Travel Shirt $26

Our handsome long-sleeve British officer's shirt features tastefully striped ribbon epaulets, traditional military detailing. Comfortably fashioned of easy-care cotton/Dacron khaki twill. Fully cut, with two pleated patch & flap pockets, straight collar. In classic tan, navy or white. Sizes: S(14-14½), M(15-15½), L(16-16½), XL(17-17½). ☐ *Please send catalogue.*

RIB118
Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd. No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Shirt (46571): Size____ Colour(s)____ Qty.____
Check ☐ Chg: M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐
Card #____ Expir.____
Add $2.50 Ship. & Hdlg; Cal. Deliv. Add Sales Tax
Name____
Address____
____ Zip____

The Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Roger Rosenblatt*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editors—*John Osborne, Eliot Marshall*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Guest Poetry Editor—*Robert Fitzgerald*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer*
Assistant Editor—*Philip Terzian*
Art Director—*Grace B. Paine*
Literary Assistant—*Catherine O'Neill*
Arts Assistant—*Constance Bond*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*Donna J. Melson*
Feature Syndicate Director—*Leslie B. Seagrave*
Director of Advertising—*Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494*
Assistant Advertising Manager—*Deborah Striner*
Classified Advertising—*Barbara Truitt*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Production Assistant—*Barbara Ledeen*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
February 11, 1978

Intelligence Needs Reform, Reforms Need Intelligence

A political cartoon in last year's *Philadelphia Inquirer* showed a CIA spook attempting to hypnotize Uncle Sam. Alongside an array of poisonous cigars, mind-bending drugs and other symbols of CIA abuses, the spook stares into Uncle Sam's eyes and repeats "you will soon forget, you will soon forget, you will soon forget. . . ." From the looks of Jimmy Carter's plan for reorganizing the intelligence community—issued as a Presidential Executive Order on January 24—the process of forgetting is well underway. The result, after months of bureaucratic conflict over the proper balancing of individual rights and intelligence needs, places excessive power in the hands of the Attorney General, still permits CIA infiltration of many different types of US organizations and authorizes electronic surveillance and physical searches without a warrant and under vague standards.

To protect individual rights, the order announces sweeping prohibitions on secret intelligence activities. But to satisfy the needs of foreign intelligence, the Attorney General is given broad discretion to permit exceptions to the rules. In briefing the press, Deputy National Security Advisor David Aaron emphasized, "The order gives a great deal of additional responsibility to the Attorney General to make sure that the civil liberties of American citizens are adequately protected." This ignores what should be obvious in light of the criminal convictions of two recent Attorneys General: individual rights should not depend on the good faith and judgment of one political appointee. A better solution is to avoid placing so much authority in one executive official, or even in the executive branch alone.

Another problem is treatment of covert infiltration of US organizations by intelligence agencies, including the CIA. The general prohibition contains a gaping loophole, even before the exceptions are stated. Covert infiltration is prohibited unless there is disclosure to "appropriate officials of the organization." In other words, if "appropriate officials" are told, it *is* permitted, even if the general membership is kept in the dark. The notorious CIA infiltration of the National Student Association in the 1950s and 1960s took place with the knowledge of the organization's officials, and so it would not be forbidden under this new standard. Even if organization officials are not told, covert infiltration may still take place under two general exceptions. First, it may occur if the organization is composed primarily of individuals who are neither US citizens nor permanent residents, and are "acting on behalf of a foreign power"—a formulation broad enough to include anti-Shah student groups as well as real spies. The second exception is for purposes "approved by the Attorney General and set forth in a public document." This curious formulation is the result of an unresolved dispute. The CIA wanted exceptions for two additional purposes—to gather scientific and technical data and to spot potential recruits. Civil liberties advocates opposed both. The compromise solution was to allow the Attorney General to decide about these exceptions on his own, as long as he makes his decision public.

Neither additional exception should be allowed. Surely the CIA can obtain the scientific information it needs without secretly infiltrating organizations: from scholarly journals and other publications or from *overt* participation in professional groups. If a group refuses to cooperate with the CIA and if the information is deemed essential to the national security, then the proper solution is not to spy on US citizens, but to ask Congress for legislation requiring disclosure of the information. The other CIA proposed exception recalls cases where spying on political dissidents was "explained" as the investigation of potential recruits—even though the subjects were unlikely candidates and had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never expressed an interest in working for the Agency. CIA chief Stansfield Turner reportedly objected to excluding this scouting activity because it would eliminate work for several hundred CIA employees. If approved by the Attorney General, this exception would grant the CIA *carte blanche* to infiltrate any US group that conceivably might furnish potential recruits. Moreover, this exception would be contrary to a recent decision of the US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, *Weissman* v *CIA*, which held that the CIA was prohibited by statute from secretly investigating US citizens who had expressed no interest in working for the agency.

Another troublesome part of the order deals with electronic surveillance and physical searches that usually require a judicial warrant in a law enforcement (as opposed to intelligence) context. The order contains a general prohibition against such activities without a warrant. But there is an exception when "the President has authorized the type of activity involved and the Attorney General has both approved the particular activity and determined that there is probable cause to believe that the person is an agent of a foreign power." Since Presidential authorization has, in fact, already been given, the rule amounts to this: the Attorney General can direct the electronic surveillance or physical search, without a warrant, of any US person he believes to be the *agent of a foreign power*.

The claim of inherent executive authority to ignore the warrant procedure is not new. Although the fourth amendment generally requires a warrant for electronic surveillance and physical searches, all Presidents since Roosevelt have behaved as if they could ignore the fourth amendment when national security is at stake. Yet Carter's stance goes against both the grain of his campaign promises on individual rights and the trend of recent judicial decisions. President Nixon's claim of inherent presidential authority to wiretap without a warrant in *domestic* security cases was rejected by his own Supreme Court appointees in 1972. On this occasion the Court said it was reserving the question of whether its decision applied to cases involving *foreign intelligence* (as somehow distinguished from domestic security), but it is true that the same reasoning would apply there as well.

The arguments against imposing the warrant procedure make little sense. It is a relatively simple process, and would impose little burden in a capital city filled with federal judges available to issue a warrant. It has been argued that national security matters are too complex and subtle for judicial action and that judges will leak classified information. Yet federal judges routinely deal with the most difficult issues in our society and there is no evidence that they are less able to keep secrets than members of the executive branch. The real danger is that even a warrant requirement would afford too little protection to individual rights, because the Attorney General could easily pick an agreeable judge and because there would be considerable deference to executive judgment where national security is involved. But the procedure would impose a judicial obstacle to repetition of the worst abuses of the Nixon era, such as the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist.

President Carter's assertion of inherent authority under current law to conduct wiretaps and searches without a warrant for foreign intelligence purposes is odd, because he is also reported to support legislation that would *require* such a warrant. But even after the legislation passes, there is a danger that some future President will reassert such authority or that, in a time of national panic, Congress will enact legislation permitting it. Individual rights and the role of law would be better served if the President had conceded that even he is subject to the fourth amendment.

An even more disturbing element of the Carter plan is the assertion that electronic surveillance and physical searches can be conducted against a US citizen simply because he is "an agent of a foreign power." When a US citizen commits the crime of espionage by helping a foreign power to obtain classified information, then law enforcement needs provide a justification for intrusive techniques. But if no crime has been committed, the need for information alone should not justify spying on US citizens. Again the proper solution is to ask Congress to enact legislation requiring disclosure of the information deemed to be essential. The vagueness of the "agent" standard practically invites abuses. The term is nowhere defined in the order and when pressed at the briefing to state whether more or less than 1000 persons qualified, David Aaron refused to answer. Conceivably it could include any American with a commercial, educational, or personal relationship with a foreign person or organization.

All this is not to say that the new executive order adds nothing to protect individual rights. It does. It prohibits the intelligence agencies from making contracts with academic or non-government institutions without disclosing the nature of the contract. It restricts surveillance of former government employees with knowledge of secret information to those living outside the US. And it lessens the opportunity for either the President or Attorney General to rely on "plausible deniability" of involvement in intelligence abuses, because it places squarely on their shoulders responsibility for authorizing all questionable intelligence activities.

However, the order does not go nearly far enough to correct past abuses. It is plagued by excessive Attorney General authority, permissive standards for covert infiltration of US groups and the lack of either a warrant procedure or clear and justifiable standards to govern intrusive activities. Congress will have the chance to remedy these deficiencies when it considers legislation on the intelligence agencies later this year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Lest they be judged

To the editors:

Robert Cover's review of my *Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment* (*TNR*, Jan. 14) envelops some fundamentals of constitutional government in a philosophical mist. He takes off from my recognition that the desegregation decision cannot and should not be undone, commenting, "It is in this recognition of the practical, present and future looking consequences of constitutional symbols that a proper beginning point for a book on constitutional law must lie." Implicit in this comment is a suggestion that an attractive result always implies constitutional power to accomplish it, a notion long-since rejected by Chief Justice Marshall. It is not a failure of analysis to acknowledge that eggs cannot be unscrambled; nor does it invalidate the counsel to break no more.

First a few words about the function of a Constitution—not, mark you, "constitutional symbols." History confirms Justice Black's statement that a written Constitution was intended "to make certain that men in power would be governed by *law*, not the arbitrary fiat of the man or men in power," "according to the 'law of the land,' not by the 'law of judges.'" The Founders were committed to a "fixed Constitution," unalterable by their delegates, because they were greatly in dread of the insatiable greed for power of those to whom it was delegated. Hence they enumerated powers, diffused and checked them, with the object of preventing their "servants and agents" from "overleaping" their bounds. In Jefferson's graphic phrase: "bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution." Those "chains" were fashioned out of words. If judges are free to make these words mean anything *they* want, then the "chains" are made of wax.

Cover would thrust aside "the self-evident meaning of the Constitution," let alone "the intention of the framers," in favor of an "ideology" framed by nine non-elected, lifetime judicial appointees who are not accountable except by the most difficult procedure. Let him speak for himself:

> *If the Supreme Court ought to labor under the constraint of the framers' specific intentions it is because we and our progeny will find it useful that the justices be constrained in that way. In other words this reading of the Constitution must stand or fall not upon the Constitution's self-evident meaning, nor upon the intention of the 1787 and 1866 framers. . . . [I]t is for us, not the framers, to decide whether that end of liberty is best served by entrusting to judges a major role in defining our governing political ideas and in measuring the activity of the primary actors [Congress and the legislatures] in majoritarian politics against that ideology.*

In short, the Constitution is of no moment because "we" have decided to "entrust" judges with forming an "ideology" by which legislative action can be "measured." Never has the Court baldly asserted so grandiose a claim; and the historical fact is that such a role was never entrusted to the Court, either by the Framers or by this generation. Since it was in fact pointedly withheld, an amendment would be required to confer it.

Why does Cover prefer the Court to the Constitution? He applauds the "leadership" of the Court—product of "the last 25 or 30 years"—because the "20th century has too often witnessed disastrous and cruel degenerations of majoritarianism into totalitarianism." Earlier Arthur Sutherland stated this view more fully: between 1920 and 1940 academe "viewed the federal judiciary with dismay." Then it realized that "unrestricted majorities could be as tyrannical as wicked oligarchs. . . . We could not say in plain terms that occasionally we have to select wise and able people [*e.g.* Carswell] and give them the constitutional function of countering the democratic process." Obviously academe cannot confer that function on the Court; and neither Sutherland nor Cover spells out whence it is derived. To quiet the alarm of the ratifiers, Hamilton, the great apologist for judicial review, assured them that of the three departments "the judiciary is next to nothing," that Justices could be "impeached" if they encroached on the legislative function. Now Cover would enthrone the judicial branch as what Justice Brandeis called a "super-legislature." But originally its function, as J. B. Thayer and Learned Hand stressed, was to *police* constitutional boundaries, not to exercise the function of the legislature within those boundaries.

The Framers foresaw that an expanding nation in an inscrutable future must have machinery for change, and it was furnished by provision for amendment under Article Five. As Willard Hurst stated in 1954, "the real issue is *who is to make the policy choices* in the twentieth century: judges or the combination of legislature and electorate that makes constitutional amendments." Cover signally fails to disclose when the exclusive right was surrendered to the Court by the people.

Cover is comforted by the thought that "as a counter-majoritarian institution the Court is relatively benign." But for many years the impact of the Court was far from "benign." Seeking to save our democracy from "socialism," the Court, as Henry Steele Commager wrote, again and again defeated congressional attempts "to guarantee civil rights to Negroes, to protect working men, to outlaw child labor, to assist hard-pressed farmers, and to democratize the tax system." For academicians generations of judicial misrule have been forgotten because of a short interlude during which *their* aspirations at length have been gratified. I share those aspirations but, as I wrote in 1942, I cannot applaud a usurpation of power for their realization. My commitment is to the Constitution, not to fluctuating judicial "ideologies." With Learned Hand I want no rule by nine—often only five—"Platonic Guardians." And it is a disservice to our democracy to pretend that the people have surrendered their right of self-government to them.

Raoul Berger
Harvard Law School

Jesuit education

To the editors:

It is becoming quite a chore keeping track of all those exotic subgroups out there with their specialized jargon. But if Jerry Brown challenges Jimmy Carter in 1980 I suppose we'll just have to knuckle under and learn about things like Jesuits and jojoba beans. Roger Morris ("Proteus Californias," *TNR*, Jan. 28) gets this whole business started by telling us there is ". . . an unmined background in Jerry Brown's education at a Catholic prep school and his three

(continued on page 37)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saudi Duty Time

It might have been the plot of unlikely melodrama or preposterous opera: love, escape, capture, family honor, vengeance, death. But it happened—last year, in public, in a country that President Carter described, with characteristic solemn excess, as sharing our values. We'd heard the story ourselves some weeks ago, and tried from afar to confirm a few of the critical details, but couldn't. So you didn't read it here. It broke a fortnight ago in the British press—first in the *Observer* and the *Daily Express*—a few background details still in dispute, though with the essentials of the tale intact and fleshed out: Reliable sources, eyewitness reports and, to clinch it, photographs of the executions themselves. No American reporters on the spot apparently bothered to track down the story, though reports of it were rife all over the rumor bazaar of the Middle East and it was widely discussed at the State Department and in the White House.

According to the zealous brand of Islam enforced in Saudi Arabia, a woman may not marry below her station without the permission of her family. Princess Misha, 19-year-old granddaughter of Prince Mohammed Bin Abdul Azzis, the sole surviving brother of the King, wanted to do just that. Prince Mohammed, who has found it possible to be addicted to alcohol in an officially-abstemious country, had a royal husband selected, but the Princess fell in love with a commoner. She violated the law of *kafa'a*.

Family justice was brutal. The princess was dragged to the public marketplace in Jedda, and either stoned or shot to death. Her lover was beheaded by Prince Mohammed's bodyguards—clumsily, it is reported, because they were not in practice. Following a press uproar over the event in England—which American correspondents seem to have ignored—the Saudi government confirmed the executions, but claimed they were for the crime of adultery, the princess having actually been married off before falling in love. The Saudis' very protests expose them.

International Women's Year was celebrated in 1977. When thousands of delegates gathered in Mexico City to strengthen the cause of women's rights, nothing was heard of the particular indignities they suffer in the Arabian peninsula and its environs: concubinage, polygamy, *purdah*, clitoral circumcision and a legal status barely better than that of chattels. The omissions should not have surprised anyone. IWY was another United Nations extravaganza. Why should it focus on what matters?

But what about President Carter, and his much-touted concern for human rights? Somehow he has never extended this concern to our good friends, the Saudis. Carter has known about this particular narrative of barbarism for longer than we have. It was told to him by John C. West, former governor of South Carolina and now US Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, in a long, specific, handwritten and incredulous letter. But the case of the murdered lovers is only one instance of habitual and routine cruelty in that part of the world.

When Jimmy Carter welcomed Prince Fahd at the White House last spring he said of our two countries "We share a common purpose . . . we share a heritage that is completely compatible. .. . I might say that we share some commitments. We share a common belief in a free enterprise system. We share a special friendship built over a long period of time, and our countries are the centers for deep religious convictions. This, I think, adds a degree of stability, adds morality to the purposes that our governments espouse. . . . I'm grateful that we have this strong tie of commonality, of historical purpose."

Can he possibly still believe that? Will he continue to say it nonetheless? Are the most elementary rights of women—and of men—to be sacrificed on the altar of oil?

What looks like a compromise with Japan is really an agreement to disagree.

The Strauss Round

Japanese-American trade relations are in the news, but remain badly misunderstood by the American public. This public confusion is itself a political danger at a time when protectionist pressures are threatening serious damage to the relationship between the United States and Japan and to the government of Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda.

An international trade war is the last thing the big industrialized countries need right now. The result would be to slow down economic growth in the US and further reduce the rate of recovery from recession in Japan and Western Europe, our principal trading partners. In the end, jobs are at stake abroad just as they are at stake here.

Japanese statistics show that Japan rolled up an unprecedented $7.4 billion surplus in its trade with the US in 1977. Japanese exports to the US were $19.7 billion, a 25 percent increase over 1976. Japan's imports from the US were $12.3 billion, an increase of only 4.2 percent. (These figures are somewhat lower than the equivalent American figures, which include freight and insurance costs.) A similar Japanese surplus is expected to be reported in 1978.

An associated phenomenon, part of a worldwide erosion of the US currency, was that the value of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dollar dropped 20 percent in relation to the Japanese yen in the last quarter of 1977, to its lowest level in history. This explains why the cost of Japanese imports was especially high toward the end of the year, although the actual volume had not grown appreciably.

The principal American myth concerning the Japanese trade surplus is that Japan's trade success is largely due to low prices achieved by slave wages, official export subsidies, dumping and other unfair practices. A related myth is that the supposedly rich Japanese are willfully refusing to import American goods in order to maintain their huge surplus position.

But Japan's export products are not at all cheap. And its violations of fair trade practices are, by and large, not much greater than those committed by other nations. Japanese goods are in vast demand here (11.6 percent of the US car market in 1976 and 24.2 percent of the color television market in 1976, although voluntary export restrictions reduced the latter in 1977). But market studies show, shocking as this may be to some Americans, that this is due to extremely high quality. It is the American consumer who is chiefly responsible for the piling up of Japanese export earnings. The situation can change only when US manufacturers become more competitive in quality—unless Congress simply blocks these sales through protectionist measures.

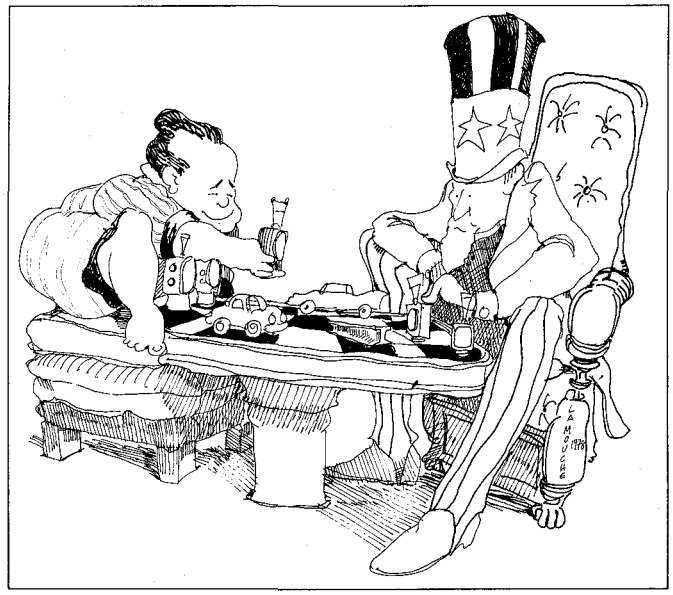
It would be senseless to get mad at the Japanese—or to penalize them—for producing higher quality goods than we do. It is also ironic that the American consumer, while worrying about his job because of foreign competition in various areas, is an enthusiastic buyer of Japanese cars, television sets, citizens' band radios and tape recorders.

A study by the Automobile Club of Southern California showed that Japanese cars score extremely high under a set of complex criteria. Datsun 810 leads the list of 41 cars studied by the Club. A table showing the annual maintenance cost of cars lists the Subaru DL, the Toyota Corona and the Datsun 810 as the best—cheapest—performers. The best performing American car—the Oldsmobile Delta 88—came in fifth. All of this may explain why an American senator, highly critical of the scope of Japanese exports, admitted recently that all five of the cars he keeps at his ranch are Japanese-made.

Concerning imports of US goods, Japan's behavior is more vulnerable to criticism. Japan maintains restrictions on imports of a large variety of American products. But it is wrong to suppose that even if Japan removed all the import restrictions, the trade balance with the US would be immediately redressed. Japan's lopsided trade balance is very much affected by the overall condition of Japan's economy, which—trade surpluses notwithstanding—is in dire straits.

Still another myth, this one perpetrated by both governments, is that the remedial measures on which US and Japanese negotiators agreed during January can change the situation very much in the near future. Meeting in Tokyo (after similar talks in Washington in December led nowhere) the US special representative for trade negotiations, Robert S. Strauss, and Japan's external economic affairs minister, Nobuhiko Ushiba, announced "a new course of action . . . to avert increasing unemployment and a worldwide reversion to protectionism."

This, of course, is a commendable goal. But a close study of the Strauss-Ushiba statement suggests that



Drawing by La Mouche

the "new course of action" will not be easily implemented and that the Tokyo declaration is more rhetorical than substantive. It is, in fact, unrealistically optimistic, and, at best, it represents a political truce lasting perhaps several months before another new crisis erupts.

The key provision in the declaration, hammered out in dramatic talks lasting far into the night at the American Embassy residence in Tokyo, states that in the Japanese fiscal year 1978, "Japan's current account surplus would be considerably reduced through the expansion of domestic demand, the effect of yen appreciation in recent months, and a series of new measures for improving the access of foreign goods to the Japanese market." It continues to say that in future years, "under present international economic conditions, all reasonable efforts would be continued with a view to further reducing Japan's current account surplus, aiming at equilibrium with deficit accepted if it should occur."

Ushiba accepted this wording because Strauss insisted that otherwise there would be no joint statement at all. The weak Fukuda government simply could not afford such a blow to its domestic political standing. Fukuda's Liberal Democratic Party has a razor-thin majority in parliament. His government needed the truce with Washington, but it could not appear to surrender too much to the Americans given the nationalist sentiment in Japan. For instance, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government was able to increase beef imports from the US only symbolically because the small but well-organized Japanese beef-producer lobby could have swung a few votes in parliament and, conceivably, brought Fukuda down. Strauss had rejected out-of-hand a draft statement prepared beforehand by the Japanese. He then pushed Ushiba into a commitment to aim at trade-balance equilibrium.

The question arises, however, whether Japan can meet such a commitment. The Americans did not press Japan to reduce its export because this would have been economically and politically untenable. Japan's global 1977 trade surplus was about $10 billion (including the surplus with the US), but its oil import bill alone was $21 billion. The Japanese are totally dependent on outside energy sources. They also have a six-billion-dollar in financial "invisibles." So the Japanese operate on a narrow margin; should oil prices, for example, rise in 1978, much of this margin would be wiped out. Japan needs to continue exporting massively to the US to retain this margin. It is much easier for Japan to reduce its global trade surpluses, and even face a deficit in the overall account, than to reduce the surplus with the US—which, in effect, finances Japanese energy survival. The US must consider the political implications in Asia of a Japanese economic debacle, should this be forced by a balance-of-payments crisis. Japan is the linchpin of US strategic arrangements in Asia.

The thrust of the Tokyo declaration, then, must be that Japan will *import* more from the US to correct the trade imbalance. The Japanese have agreed in Tokyo to reduce tariffs on two billion dollars of US exports, effective April 1, and this is a helpful step. But it is doubtful whether Japan can increase its imports as a result of "expansion of domestic demand," which is the crucial element in the equation.

The joint declaration states that Japan is seeking real growth of seven percent in fiscal 1978. If it reaches this goal, then domestic demand would presumably increase and so would the capacity to import. In the last quarter of 1977, however, Japan's growth rate was close to zero, and economists doubt that 1978 will produce more than five percent real growth. Under the circumstances, the chance for a meaningful rise in US exports to Japan is slim.

There is a major contradiction in the joint statement. On one hand, Japan hopes to be able to buy more from the US because of the appreciation of the yen—which makes American goods cheaper. But, on the other hand, the US has stated in the same document that it intends to improve *its* balance of payments position by such measures as reducing its dependence on imported oil and increasing its exports, "thereby improving the underlying conditions upon which the value of the dollar fundamentally depends." The US cannot have it both ways: it cannot hope for a weak dollar to sell more in Japan and for a stronger dollar for global reasons. (Washington began intervening in the world currency markets to support the dollar about the same time as the Strauss-Ushiba statement was issued). It is unlikely that the US can reduce its dependence on foreign oil. To promise it in the Tokyo declaration is to mislead both Americans and Japanese.

Subsequent figures showed that we had a record $26.7 billion global trade deficit in 1977—it was caused largely by a $10-billion increase in oil imports over 1976—and the Commerce Department predicts an even greater trade distortion in 1978.

What the Strauss negotiations really produced, then, is a deadlock with Japan that is too real for angry words or negotiating pressures to break. It would be useful to face this fact, just as it would be useful to realize that Congressional protectionist measures can only lead to major international complications that certainly are not in the US interest.

There is a limit to the pressures the US can place on its allies. West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt made no bones the other day about telling Washington to quit telling him how to run the German economy. What lays ahead is a long period of negotiation, which must fit into an overall recovery in the industrialized countries. If we want to reduce imports from Japan, our industry must convince the consumer that it can match the quality of Japanese products.

Tad Szulc

White House Watch

After One Year

Early in the second week of Jimmy Carter's second year in the presidency, an assistant who sees more of him than most of his people do was asked whether during the first year any changes in Carter as a person or in his method, his way of working at the job, had been noticed. "His personality hasn't changed at all," the assistant answered. "His method has changed very little." How did Carter seem at the start of the second year? "He is comfortable, confident and serene," the assistant answered. Is Carter aware—the questioner continued—of a developing doubt in the minds of some people, including people in Congress and elsewhere who are extremely important to him, that he is competent to be President? "He is aware of it, of course he is," the assistant answered. Question: "Would it be true to say that he is aware of it but is not concerned about it?" The assistant answered, laughing as he did so: "It would be true to say, he is aware of it *and* he is not concerned about it."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The foregoing is a fair sample of the answers the inquirer generally gets to such questions from members of the White House staff, high and low, close to the President and far from him. There is an evident desire to maintain a pretense that he and his associates perceived nothing really wrong with his presidency or with him as President during the first year. The interesting thing is that behind all the protective talk the pretense is recognized by the assistants who try to maintain it, including the assistant who has just been quoted, to be what it is—a cloak for recognition that the first year was in fact disappointing, a poorer year for the President and his administration than it need have been and than he and his people had expected it to be.

In response to the actual recognition, there is change at the Carter White House. True, there is no discernible change in Carter's personality. He is as stubborn as ever. His preference for privacy, for lone immersion in detail and paperwork that most Presidents have left to others, is as strong as ever. His aversion to tight organization and a tightly run staff operation—run, that is, by anyone but himself—is also as strong as ever. Yet in all these respects, including the stubbornness, at the start of his second year he is changing because he has perceived for himself and has been persuaded by others that he must change.

One of the changes involves organization at the top and center of the Carter operation. It specifically involves the President's use of one of his staff Georgians, Hamilton Jordan. A little history is necessary to put the change, what it tells about Carter, and the impression of ineptitude and confusion that emanates from the Carter White House, into perspective. Carter committed himself during his primary and election campaigns to having an open White House staff process and never, never having a chief of staff who by definition, as he supposed, would seclude him and govern access to him. Last December 9, during one of his fortnightly sessions with non-Washington journalists, the old question of whether he needed a chief of staff came up. Here, condensed for this report's purposes, is his answer: "It is not my way of running things. I have substituted for that an unprecedented use of the Vice President. He has authority in foreign and domestic affairs and also in helping to manage the White House staff. He is the one who coordinates the staff work in the White House." Four mornings later, at a White House breakfast with reporters, Vice President Walter Mondale was asked, "What are you doing to coordinate the staff?" He indicated that whoever thought he was "coordinating the staff" must be thinking of his chairmanship of a committee that was working to block out in rough segments the President's 1978 agenda. "My role," Mondale continued, "is not as a staff manager in the White House, because the President doesn't want that—I think wisely doesn't want it."

During the week of January 23, Carter issued two orders that at this writing on February 1 still are known in explicit detail only to perhaps 15 members of his staff. Both of them concerned Jordan. One of them said the President expected Jordan hereafter to involve himself in the substance of foreign policy formulation and implementation, with particular reference to the political impacts of foreign policy decisions and actions. Jordan was accorded access to *all* discussions of foreign policy and to *all* documents reporting such discussion, excepting one periodic and super-classified report to the President. Jordan thereafter was to attend the President's weekly (Friday) breakfast with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and the White House assistant for national security affairs, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Jordan's first breakfast with Carter, Vance and Brzezinski was the one January 27. The President's order in effect gives him any access he wants to all National Security Council, Department of State and Defense Department proceedings and documents. Jordan may be expected to make discreet and modest use of the authority. For current example, however, he was open-collar-deep—he shuns neckties—in the preparations for Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's latest visit. Brzezinski, Vance and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown will be kidding themselves if they don't realize that Jordan will be right in there with them from now on. He also is authorized to participate when and if he wishes in the President's, Vice President Mondale's, Brzezinski's and intelligence director Stansfield Turner's weekly meetings and in any related discussions of intelligence policy and direction.

The second directive was addressed to the eight members of Carter's senior staff. It said the President hereafter expected Jordan to coordinate White House staff activities, to convene a weekly meeting of the senior staff, to convene any other staff meetings that Jordan thought necessary and to report to Carter the discussions and conclusions of those meetings. The broad thrust was that the President hereafter would look to Jordan for a degree of coordination of staff action and the political impacts of that action which Carter had not previously required or had. Senior staffers were asssured that they would continue to have all the personal access to the President that they had previously enjoyed—code for saying, Hamilton is not intended to be or going to be a chief of staff who could keep you away from me. Jordan is anxious that it be understood and believed that all this doesn't make him a chief of staff and the boss of people whom he hasn't previously bossed, and doesn't give him control of the flow of departmental and staff paper to the President. The inquirer is told that Jordan is to chair the staff meetings he convenes, including meetings that another senior Georgian, Counsel Robert Lipshutz, previously convened and conducted. Lipshutz had been saying for months, certainly to associates and presumably to the President, that closer coordination

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of staff operations was sorely needed, and he may be expected to welcome the coordination now demanded and authorized by Carter.

Other changes reflecting Carter's recognition of the need for them have occurred or are impending. He told the newly constituted Democratic National Committee and its new chairman, John White of Texas, the other day that he realizes that he has devoted more time than he should have to private work on the paper and details of the "substantive issues" that he so loves and hereafter after will be more available to committeemen and others. He's agreed to open himself and the White House to constituent groups—recently union machinists, mayors and religious leaders—that he hitherto has shunned to the extent he could. His trade negotiator and general adviser, Robert Strauss, was still having to argue with Carter on January 30 that he simply had to see "more people" and Carter was still arguing that he'd been doing much better in this respect than Strauss and less friendly critics acknowledged. Low-level White House minions who have suffered from a sense of exclusion are soon going to find themselves briefed and cultivated to the point of suffocation by such previously aloof seniors as Zbigniew Brzezinski and, just maybe, that assiduous and rising non-chief of staff, Hamilton Jordan.

John Osborne

Marston missed the real Philadelphia story.

Climbing Into the Hospitals' Bed

by Eliot Marshall

Philadelphia

David Marston, the ex-US Attorney for Philadelphia who was fired by the Carter administration, did not stumble on some modest local corruption. He bumped into the machine that runs this city, feeds its families and provides scandals for the newspapers. Marston was knocked down and bruised. But the machine never felt the blow. It went on its way doing what it has always done, and will continue to do. For one thing, it builds hospitals.

Marston's work, necessary though it was, cast a spotlight on one of the lesser parts of the machine. You might call it the leaky crankcase, the part that freely squirts out dollars when the machine gets jammed up in a tight place. In this instance, the machine got jammed while trying to accomplish the renovation of the Hahnemann Hospital.

Hahnemann is not the biggest or most influential hospital in the city. As one Philadelphian put it, the "blue-blood" hospital is the one run by the University of Pennsylvania. But Hahnemann is favored by Mayor Frank Rizzo. Rizzo's doctor is on the staff there, and Rizzo in recent years has cut off the University of Pennsylvania from city health funds. He has given contracts to Hahnemann instead. This is not necessarily a bad thing. The poor are now getting free care in a number of neighborhood clinics in the city, and Hahnemann is one of the hospitals with a contract to provide back-up care for the clinics at a fairly low rate. But that is another story.

Hahnemann, an old and distinguished medical college in its own right, decided more than five years ago that it wanted to renovate and expand. The original hospital was built in 1928, and it needed fixing. Hahnemann's plans grew bigger every year. But by the time the papers and clearances were put in order, the market had changed. The city had a glut of unused hospital beds and money was scarce—almost unobtainable for the kind of grand scheme Hahnemann had in mind. The state hospital experts in the Pennsylvania Higher Education Facilities Authority looked at the proposal and decided it was too risky to finance, even though Hahnemann had by then acquired a special federal grant for $14.5 million. Hahnemann overcame all obstacles, however, by hiring a new lawyer (the firm of US Representative Joshua Eilberg) and persuading the city agency to do what the state would not. The Hospitals Authority of Philadelphia decided to take the risk, grab the federal grant for the city and issue bonds in Hahnemann's behalf for $39.5 million. The bare steel frame of the new tower, 20 stories high, now looms over Broad Street. Frank Rizzo's name is pasted in conspicuous homage across the bottom of the construction company sign.

Marston discovered that the city would never have taken the risk if Hahnemann had not dangled the federal grant before its eyes. Second, he learned that Hahnemann would not have acquired the federal grant, or the city loan, without the help of Pennsylvania

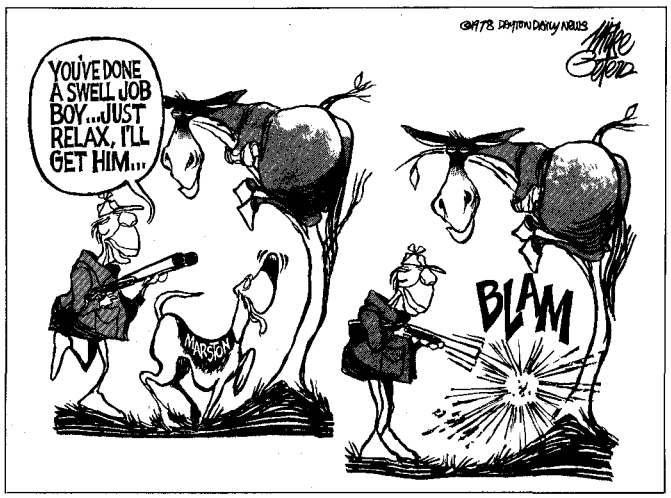
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

congressmen Dan Flood and Joshua Eilberg. Flood's contribution was to tack a $14.5 million grant to Hahnemann onto the tail end of a US appropriations bill in 1975. No one noticed it going through. Flood took the money out of the budget of the Community Services Administration—home of what remains of the poverty program—in an amount equal to one half of the agency's annual capital budget. It is extraordinary for one project to get that large a share of any federal agency's budget. Hahnemann's president at the time—Wharton Shober—filled out an application for the money in 1975, explaining why an apparently wealthy hospital should get poor people's money. The construction site, he wrote, "is within the North Central Community, which is rampant with social problems—unemployment; deteriorated housing; drug abuse; crime; poor sanitation and associated effects of rats, roaches and other vermin; and excessive rates of disease and unavailability of health care services." The services were unavailable presumably because Hahnemann would not provide them. The filth and poverty could be found within walking distance of any hospital in the city center.

Later, after the grant came through, Hahnemann hired Eilberg's law firm—Corson, Getson and Abramson—to do the legwork in getting the city to approve the project the state had turned down. The firm allegedly received an enormous fee of $500,000 for its work. Eilberg himself apparently earned something on the deal. Marston was fired before he finished investigating charges that Eilberg and Flood had broken the law.

The trouble with the story of Marston versus the pols is that the perspective is too narrow. The corruption is in fact more pervasive than one might guess. The news that thousands of dollars may have been siphoned off to reward a few officials is sensational, but for sheer volume this kind of graft cannot match the wholesale taking of public funds that the government regards as perfectly legitimate. By this I mean the unchallenged authority that hospitals have to build, take land, buy machines and hire technicians, clerks and lawyers with vengeful abandon, and then charge the cost to Medicare, Medicaid and Blue Cross. The truth is that Hahnemann may be one of the lesser offenders in this racket. Much of the hospital spending done today benefits everyone but the patient, and other hospitals in Philadelphia are spending faster than Hahnemann. This is big business, wheeling and dealing without restraint and charging the cost to the taxpayer. The people who benefit the most are far better off than the average pol: they work less and are paid more. Marston took a crack at some of the fixers in this business, but he didn't get near the big money. Now it is time to widen the inquiry and find out whether other hospitals hired their own pols, and whether they were as greedy or greedier than Hahnemann.

Leonard Bachman, Secretary of Health for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, speaks of the "medical-industrial complex" as though it were a monster that had battered him in several fights. Bachman, an MD, is the chief health officer of the state. He said last week: "There's money in the building business: the bankers make money, the lawyers make money, the builders make money and, finally, the unions make money. . . . Hospitals have tremendous



Drawing by Mike Peters

clout in every small town in Pennsylvania. You ought to see the media blow out when we try to do something. Every hospital has the local editor on the board of trustees." Since 1973 Bachman has been trying to get a bill through the legislature that would control hospital costs, without success. Bachman said that each time he's offered to make a compromise, the hospitals have asked for more: "It's escalated since 1973." Only a handful of legislators support him. Don't forget the money, he added: "They're contributing to key people up to $5000, and that's a lot in Pennsylvania. Money talks . . . it's the most potent thing they've got, more potent than the letters. They've hired some unsavory lobbyists. . . . They're playing a pretty tough, hard ball game, and it's worked."

The cost is staggering. Bachman said that the inflation in hospital costs each year paid by the state is almost as much as the entire state budget for preventive health care. Because Medicaid payments are mandated by law, the only way the state legislature can cut costs is to cut other state health programs. With every successive cut, preventive care is further reduced and, as a consequence, high-cost, big-business hospital care gets fatter.

According to Steve Sacks, director of the state's hospital cost project, the inflation is a direct result of excessive construction in recent years, fed by unregulated rivers of Medicare and Medicaid money. "They're putting up hospitals here like they were building gas stations," he said. Last summer Sacks studied the cost statements that hospitals sent in to the state in order to collect public funds. He found that the daily cost of operating the six major hospitals in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philadelphia is running upward at a rate several times faster than the rate of general price inflation. He predicted, for example, that a patient visiting Hahnemann for one day in 1981 will have to pay $306. The chief financial officer of the hospital, Kenneth Kniesser, agreed that Sacks' estimate "may turn out to be conservative." Sacks estimated that in 1981 the daily cost at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania and Thomas Jefferson University Hospital would be $404 and $429 respectively. These numbers are probably low.

Where does all the money go? Some of it pays for salaries, maintenance and supplies. But a lot pays for bricks and mortar and the necessary graft required to get approval for laying down bricks and mortar. Consider Hahnemann again. Its tower project, which required $39.5 million in bond financing, was one of several large hospital deals consummated since 1975. Since that year, the Hospitals Authority of Philadelphia—only five years old itself—has issued about $300 million worth of hospital construction bonds. It is grinding out more all the time. According to the Hahnemann bond prospectus, the total cost of building the new tower will be $65.1 million. Of that, only $39.1 million, something more than half, will pay for construction, land, equipment and contingencies. The rest is grease. The banks take the largest gob, which they are entitled to by law. The clerks at the bond agency get $132,000; the title company gets $83,000; Moody's and Standard and Poor's get $3500 each for rating the bonds; the printers get $94,000 for printing them; various other lawyers and clerks each get a share. One of the biggest portions goes to the bond brokers, and another big dollop to the bond counsel. The most interesting bit in Hahnemann's case went to the hospital's bond attorney—Representative Eilberg's firm—ostensibly for checking out the legality of the bond-issuing procedure.

These details are dull, but informative. According to a state official who has reviewed the bond issues, there are several law firms whose names always appear on the list of attorneys involved in putting out Hospital Authority bonds. In nearly every issue since 1975, the Authority has retained the firm of Stack, Ginley & Gallagher. Michael Stack, one of its members, is a democratic politician with close ties to Rizzo and other city officials. On every issue up to the time of Hahnemann's project, every hospital retained a firm called Obermayer, Rebmann, Maxwell & Hippel. One of the members of this firm is Hugh Scott, the retired Republican senator and former minority leader. Hahnemann chose to retain Eilberg's firm instead. Hahnemann had used Scott's firm for a while, but when the firm failed to persuade the state agency to issue its bonds, it dismissed the firm and hired Eilberg's in its place. Eilberg's firm, unlike Scott's, succeeded in getting the bonds issued, but it got itself into trouble at the same time.

Every man his own state.

The War Against All

by Bernard-Henri Levy

Today Western Europe lives in a time of bombs, guns and Molotov cocktails. In Germany, in Italy and in France, an old catch phrase returns, hoarse and desperate, that violent action is the purest form of revolt. Men and women rise up—vagabonds of nothingness, mutineers of nihilism—and fight against evil, in the presence of a silent people. This is called *terrorism*, and I maintain that, even more than the Eurocommunism which so troubles President Carter, tomorrow this will probably be the key problem of the so-called liberal societies. The phenomenon spreads, in theory as well as in practice, and as always, intellectuals drag behind and have yet to produce even a sketch of an analysis. Thus these few remarks, worth whatever hypotheses are worth, which see things in the only

Bernard-Henri Levy, one of *"les nouveaux philosophes,"* is the author of *La barbarie à visage humain* (Grasset). This article was translated from the French by Jon Snyder, a graduate student in comparative literature at Yale.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

currently tenable and serious perspective: that of history or, better still, of genealogy.

Reduced to its most simple expression, the substance of the terrorist discourse is as follows: there are good and bad deaths, bourgeois lives and proletarian lives, and "respect for life" is worth nothing when confronted with the political imperative of expediting the revolution. What does that mean and, above all, what does it imply? Behind the revolutionary phraseology in which it clothes itself, an analysis of this type has a name: a legitimization of murder, a *politics of crime*. In concrete terms, a politics of crime implies this thesis, however strange it may appear: there are *progressivist corpses and reactionary carcasses*. This thesis can still say to itself: in the war of all against all which is the history of the modern world, there are *suspect victims* (a category first established by the Convention in 1793 during the Reign of Terror) *and privileged executioners*. And finally, behind this kind of conviction, there is an unexpected ghost who abruptly returns to lurk in the unconscious of men and women who pass for anarchists and romantics: the ghost of old Janov, formerly a legislator of letters and sciences, presently the great accountant of just and unjust sufferings. Thus a first remark: by extending the barbed-wire fence of politics even into the realm of morals, modern terrorism is an enlarged Janovism, a triumphant Janovism for which the "Red Brigades" in Italy and the "Baader-Meinhof gang" in Germany posthumously realize the most insane promises.

These bad deaths, these bourgeois deaths—what use is made of them? What *political* use, in the overall work of revolution? A reactionary supplicant is no longer a supplicant, nor a reactionary, nor even a dead person: but a vivid *example*. An assassinated journalist is hardly an adversary, much less a foil: rather, a sign or an *icon*, brandished in the heat of a struggle. The struggle, in this perspective, becomes an *exchange of signs*, a Grand-Guignol-like spectacle where the saraband of bodies and heads whirls like a merry-go-round. The victims—no matter whether innocent or guilty—become disincarnated corpses, aseptic carrion, mute and frozen effigies reduced to the level of pure *symbols*. And, there as well, the apostles of political crime rediscover another of our old acquaintances. A familiar figure whom they would probably disavow, but to whom they are uncannily close: the figure of free market capitalism in its completed structure and definition. Capitalism says: men are pure things, abstract and equivalent, measured by their exchange-value, in an infernal world that deprives and diminishes them. The terrorist answers: men are pure signifiers, no less abstract and equivalent, a political combustible fuel where the desire for revolt catches fire. Merchandise and signifier: deep down they are the same thing, or in any case the same treatment of "human matter." Terrorism is not at all the revolt that it claims to be: rather, it is the exacerbated form of a spectacular capitalism.

I know very well that this politics of the symbol, this symbolic politics prides itself on an organic relationship to the "masses" of which one never stops singing the power and the glory. But what masses and, above all, what relationships are at issue in this diabolic game of legitimized murder? I fear that, for the terrorists, the masses are precisely *a mass*, amorphous and lethargic, thought of in the antique and reactionary image of the slumbering beast who wakes up at long intervals, in furious starts. I wonder if this reverence, too ardently proclaimed, does not conceal a colossal distrust, that of the classic intellectual lending his knowledgeable head to the soulless body of the people. And I am in any case certain that, in this strange hubbub where no common people are held responsible for the silence into which they are in fact coerced, another ghost always leads the dance: that of Karl Kautsky, the infamous theoretician of consciousness that comes from the outside, the subtle policeman of injected and imposed ideology, the immortal inventor of the "sciences" of revolution. Everyone knows with how many tragedies, slaughters and camps the people have paid for these "sciences." Even so, it is interesting to see them reactivated. For we are decidedly far from libertarian romanticism and very near, on the contrary, to the totalitarian dialectic.

In fact, experience proves that, starting with schemas of this kind, one no longer hesitates to sacrifice the common people themselves as well as class adversaries. Who will make us believe that all the supplicants of Lod airport were in effect fascists, accomplices of "imperialism?" Who is being made fun of, when it is declared that the hostages of Mogadishu are all former Nazis? The Red Army knew very well that there were *also* little people there: but little people thought of as the loam of the new mankind, cannon-fodder of the future; innocents whose deaths matter little when compared to the radiant future of tomorrows that will sing; but proletarians perhaps, to whom martyrdom is an honor, the petty cash of paradise. Let's make up our minds to admit it: these celebrated "masses," so covetously claimed, are the first and dearest hostages of terrorists.

Coming Soon:

Martin Peretz on Palestinian Rights

Eugene McCarthy on Hubert Humphrey

Ken Bode on Ronald Reagan

Grey Eminence: Clark Clifford

A Defense of HEW's Anti-Smoking Campaign

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This dazed people to whom they claim to appeal are actually first game for the glorious red guillotines. An old, very old acquaintance is here as well: this is exactly what was said and done by the first great paranoiac of the contemporary period, the only, the true founder of the modern totalitarian State. I mean Saint-Just the virtuous, who only stopped when his virtue reigned over a cemetery. Saint-Just the revolutionary? Yes, but in the same sense as Baader: to make the revolution means to expropriate the masses from their present; that is to say, from their only home.

This entire logical delirium is worth something only for the strange strategy that founded it: the liberal States are fascist States which are unaware of that fact, the task of a revolutionary is to force them to unmask themselves, the goal of terrorism is to provoke them into hardening their stance. We have already commented on the absurdity of this tactic. Some good minds have demonstrated the masochism that it implies. What interests me is that we are once again on familiar ground. This is very much the conduct of the German and Italian Communists up until the end of the 1930s, a strategy dictated to them by a Comintern under the boot of Stalin. It had the concrete result of bringing the brown plague to power and of playing Hitler's game. Above all, it broke the resistance of the European proletariats and delivered them, at parade-rest, to the first death camps. Terrorist strategies are still, in other words, Stalinist tactics. Their politics of "the worst" is that of Thorez, Togliatti and so many others. And a large capacity for amnesia is required in order not to agree on this: a strange passion for ignorance, for nonrecognition, behind the *dance macabre* of our new orphans, of the old family council of the Stalinist tradition.

What else do the facts tell us? What are—in Italy, for example—the tangible results of the actions of the Red Brigades? I do not claim that they have revived Mussolini. I do not even say that they have made the bed of neo-fascism. I do not know if, permeable to the most dubious infiltrations, they have (as is sometimes claimed) the function of provocation. But it seems clear to me that, for want of fascism, they are the best possible agents of barbarism with a human face. They are the best psychological cement for the new order that rules in Rome, the accursed counter-foil [*repoussoir*] against which the new police of souls is fashioned. Romantic apostles of individual violence, they are behind the scenes during the meeting between Argan, the Communist mayor of Rome, and Pope Paul VI. Because of them, self-proclaimed adversaries of social-fascism, the granite language of the historic compromise is being firmed up, far beyond any electoral sphere. Against them for the moment, and tomorrow doubtless against all the people, is being concluded the holy alliance of fear between the two great Churches of the West, the Marxist and the Christian, the bureaucrat and the theocrat. Their work will be finished when Berlinguer, the new Noske, carries out on a haggard and probably consenting crowd the miracle of his "final solution."

The case of Germany is different, but hardly more shining. There, too, I do not say that the State is heading toward a renewal of Nazism. I am not even sure that the real problem is the current growth of

Drawing by Marek Halter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political repression. I do not subscribe to the too facile slogan, "Schmidt-Strauss, same battle." But I believe that the stakes are elsewhere and, in a sense, much higher. The new fascism is in heads rather than in apparatuses that it sets up. The action of the Red Army Faction provokes not so much a flood of repression from above as a fantastic demand for authority that comes entirely from below. In the hearts of ordinary people, fascism lets loose this colossal demand for power that we can currently observe. Millions of citizens are busy as informers and general spies. The entire country lives under self-surveillance. Sixty million men and women do not cease to demand more, always more, police and law-and-order. No longer one, but sixty million German states. As many states as terrorized individuals. As many executioners as victims. To bind Schmidt to the truth has in fact had only one result: to multiply the "form-State," to exasperate "the ideal of the State" in heads, in short to institute the first society which, at last, realizes the wish of old Hegel: a society where, in order to be free one chooses to make oneself a state.

In practical terms, what does all this imply? Between state terrorism and individual terrorism a diabolical spiral starts, making one the source of the other. On one hand, he who says that the P. 38 pistol represents the only possible politics and who, at the instant in which he says it, creates the very situation which justifies him. On the other hand, he who answers that we must respond to individual terrorism with repression and who, in supporting it, makes his decree into a necessity. A politics of crime, in presenting its terrorist attacks as military acts, permits the adversary to represent all militant opposition as a crime against the common good. To politicize crime (as the terrorists do) is in point of fact the equivalent of criminalizing politics (as the Communists do). I say that there is a spiral of violence here, a terrible clockwork mechanism that aims at no more and no less than the halting of politics and the obstruction of any alternative. No one knows who will win this strange game, but we know quite well who will be the big loser: those authentic dissidents who, in Germany as in Italy, try to invent forms of deviation and dispute in relationship to states and to apparatuses. And I believe it is urgent that we take concrete cognizance of this fact before it is too late, and the vital forces of the Left meet the fate that is promised them.

I have talked of a "spiral," of a "dialectic of violence," suggesting by that a game with two partners, exchanging the signs of war from both sides of the same mirror. I am not sure, on reflection, that this image is the best. As a matter of fact, we must radicalize it. Why? Because I believe, for instance, that the true inventor of terrorism—the first to have at least forged the concept, if not to have practiced the art—is not an anti-authoritarian rebel, but a founder of the State and a Jacobin through and through: Saint-Just. Because it is too often forgotten that terrorists did not invent skyjacking; it is the invention of a sovereign state, a national government, that of France hijacking Ben Bella's airplane. Because perhaps not enough has been made of the rather troubling fact that, when the Federal Republic of Germany elaborates its special anti-terrorist laws, it explicitly defines the imprisoned terrorists as "hostages" of the Government. In short, because there are, here as elsewhere, a certain number of indications that prove at least one thing: the terrorists are going to borrow their methods and their weapons from the secular arsenal of the state. Strictly speaking, and in terms of accurate genealogy, there is no terrorism other than that of the state itself, if individuals reproduce its procedures. In the Baader madness there is also, strictly speaking, *the will to make oneself a state*. Terrorism "exchanges." Terrorism "negotiates." There is nothing there except the paranoiacal desire to deal with the sovereign, with the emblems of sovereignty. To measure oneself to the state on the site of its majesty. To persist, above all, in order to become in turn the sovereign.

Terrorists are thus the great modern invalids of the ideal of the state. This paradox enlightens us little as to the real reasons for terrorists; once again, we must recall a bit of history. Too often we forget what the great Russian anarchist tradition really was—the same one to which the terrorists implicitly refer, and where they probably find their essential roots. A complacent hagiography always presents terrorism as a current of liberty, hostile to despotism, dedicated to the destruction of the state. But in truth its birth can only be understood in terms of a decrepit state, the 19th-century Russian state, where it was a matter of uncanny reinforcement much more than of destruction. Let us re-read, or rather let us read, Netchaiev, who writes that the "police" should be the "religion" of modern times. Let us decide to read the statutes of this "society of the axe" that he came to found in Russia, under orders from Bakunin, where we can find the definition for a revolution that would seem to mistake itself for a military campaign. Let us re-read Bakunin himself, who for a century now has passed for a heroic resister of the ukases of father Marx, and who was probably—his own writings testify to the fact—the most fanatical partisan of dictatorial order, the submission of the individual. Today's terrorists have not betrayed Shigalovism.* On the contrary, they never stop reciting its heavy lesson: more, always more of the state, the police, and discipline.

The times, have changed, you will say, and the western states hardly resemble the Russian state of a

*Translator's note: Shigalov, the epitome of the mad ideologist, is a character from Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed* who follows inexorably the logic of his argument, until it produces the reverse of the expected results. His famous saying: "Starting from unlimited freedom, we arrive at unlimited tyranny."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century ago. Granted, this is true; but the terrorist movements have added to the old lesson a determination of importance that finishes the fixing-on of its face. They are the first to have grown up in the shadow of Auschwitz, mass murder and the atomic bomb. They are the first to act in the setting of super-powerful states holding the instruments for a collective planetary suicide in their hands. They are the first witnesses of an age that will go down in history as the one that, in politics, introduced the dream of absolute death. And I believe that, at least from a phantasmal point of view, the politics of the bomb and the Molotov cocktail is the real "double" of that of murder by the state and the atomic bomb. The current seductiveness of violence can be understood only in the perspective of a new principle of dissemination, or even democratization, of violence. To the menace of genocide that states carry within themselves, terrorists answer with more, always more atom bombs; that is to say, with P .38 pistols. Children of Hiroshima, the guerillas never cease to harp upon that primitive scene.

It is not a justification of them to say that, here again, they are the toys of a terror that in fact does not belong to them, and that they exhaust themselves in mimickry of a liturgical gesture which they will never cease to repeat. Nor is it a condemnation of them to see, not the enraged opponents of modern forms of power, but their diligent incense-bearers, the last true devotees of the religion of State. I ask only that we see in them the pale clowns and murderers of Western memory, the last adherents of its secular pathology: what Machiavelli (already) called "the need for the state."

Tip O'Neill's emergence as the darling of Washington liberals.

The Unlikely Cult Figure

by William A. Henry, III

Thomas Philip O'Neill Junior, Speaker of the House of Representatives, second in line for the Presidency, a rumpled, cigar-smoking, rough-talking bulk of a man, a politician of the old style, determined to keep promises to friends, somewhat less loyal regarding political issues themselves, has become the least likely cult hero of Carter-era Washington. In an allegedly anti-political age, this son of a city councillor turned sewer commissioner, this veteran of punch-in-the-nose politics, who ran for office before he finished college and has spent 42 of his 65 years on the public payroll, enjoys a protective press, an image of integrity and an awesome reputation for competence. National columnists suggest he is the only man holding Congress/Washington/the Republic together. His maneuvering of an only somewhat denatured energy package through the House was hailed as though it were the signing of the Magna Carta. The initially suspicious President has begun inviting him to intimate dinners. White House aides have made a public point of how much they value his advice. Because suggestions that he may have taken money from Tongsun Park—as every other member of House Democratic leadership did at the time, albeit legally—have remained unproven, his defenders, many in the media, have dismissed as flimsy every other charge about his personal and political ethics.

There are good reasons for Tip O'Neill's popularity apart from his earthy wit, sentiment and charm. He was, after all, "the first Democrat in leadership to break with Lyndon Johnson on the Vietnam War," as every profile notes, without specifying what the break was, or what he did to press his view. He was the engineer of impeachment, the "good guy" who won, in Jimmy Breslin's phrase, although he said virtually nothing public about Watergate until the Saturday Night Massacre, nearly six months after John Dean started talking and Haldeman and Ehrlichman had to go. Chroniclers tended to forget that his "skillful leadership" had included insistence on immunity from prosecution for President Nixon, both before and after his resignation, without even requiring the minimal admission of guilt urged by Republican Ed Brooke. O'Neill blocked every move to have the House vote on concurring in the recommendations of the Judiciary Committee. He is a genuine ethnic, the kind who served green beer on St. Patrick's Day, an amalgam of James

William A. Henry, III is a reporter, columnist and critic for *The Boston Globe*.

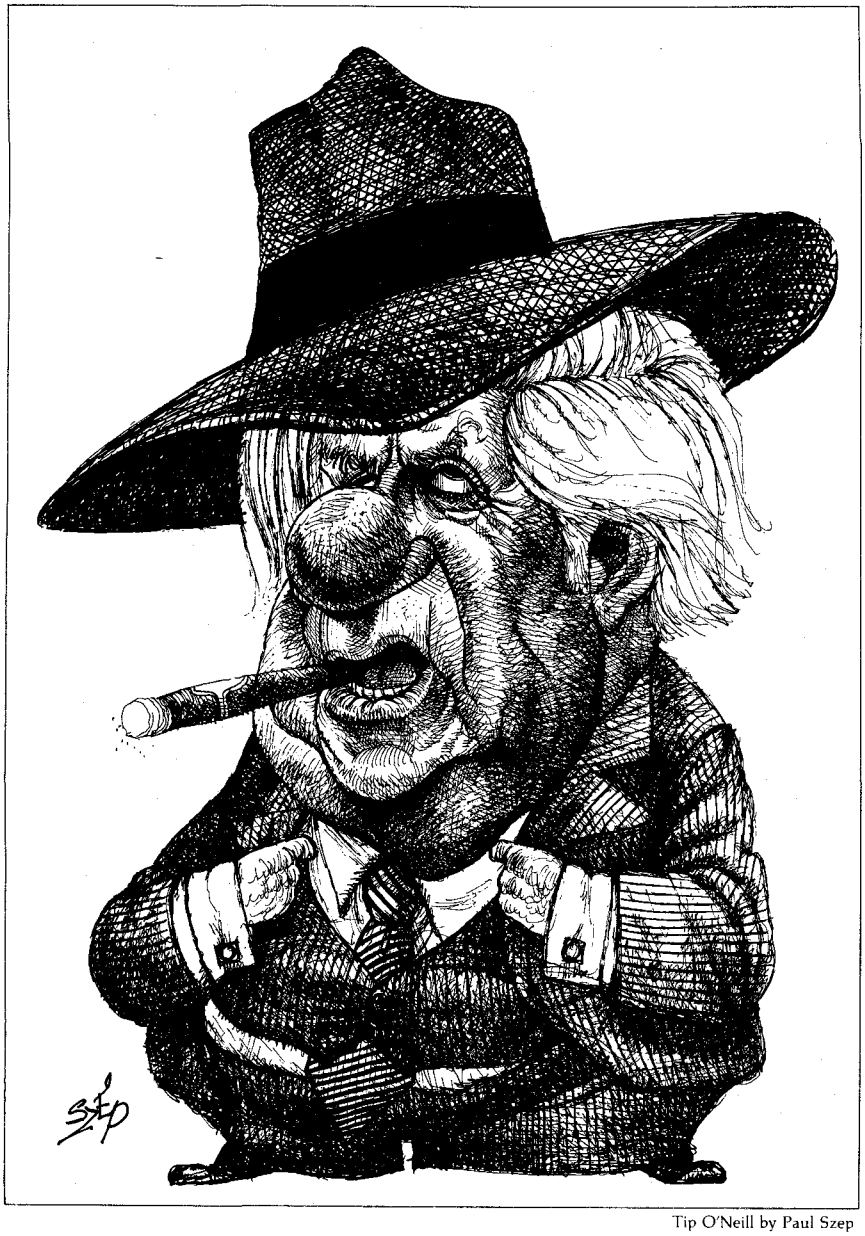
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Curley and Archie Bunker, yet he somehow manages to be for—or more precisely, not too effectively against—busing. Perhaps most important, he is the one northerner, the one nominal liberal, in a position of any real influence on domestic affairs. As his hometown newspaper, *The Boston Globe*, put it when he became Speaker, "Labor, the liberals and the decaying cities of the North will have a champion in O'Neill or they will have no champion at all."

But making a hero of Tip O'Neill demands a lot of tolerance and a lot of forgetting. His leadership has not always been of the most modern, reformist mode. In 1970, when he was chairman of the House Special Committee on Campaign Expenditures, he set up a committee to keep his own campaign contributions secret. Later, he fought and lost to a more sensible House, to preserve a subcommittee chairmanship for Robert Sikes after the House had reprimanded Sikes for gross conflicts of interest. O'Neill said Sikes, who was solidly re-elected, who gave back none of the profits, who was apparently insulated from all prosecution, and who in effect repudiated the reprimand, had "been punished enough."

O'Neill once pledged that if he ever became Speaker he would end the seniority system, then a few months later he recanted—the very day he was appointed majority whip. More recently, he stacked the House conference committee on abortion with Catholics.

O'Neill's leadership by example has not always been inspiring either. In 1963, for example, he rounded up virtually the entire Massachusetts delegation and 10 other members of Congress to give floor speeches in support of Portuguese colonial interests in Angola, then turned over his office to a paid Portuguese business lobbyist and gave him 907 franked envelopes to send the speeches out. In 1966 the chairman of the Massachusetts Ballot Law Commission, considering a dispute involving O'Neill's would-be primary opponent, had to get up and walk out without a word when asked if he had had dinner with O'Neill the night before. (At the same hearing O'Neill's people challenged an opponent's filing petition because a signature, not even among the 2200 required for certification, was the "obviously fraudulent" signature of a dead man. The opponent accused O'Neill's campaigners of planting the signature, but no one could prove it. Two years before, O'Neill's prospective opponent—again an Italian from the large Italian neighborhood of the district—also had been challenged for having a dead man's signature on his papers.)



Tip O'Neill by Paul Szep

In financial matters, the most anybody has ever nailed on O'Neill is some suspect misstatements. When he became Speaker, he declared that he'd gotten out of the nursing home business "in the mid-1960s." In fact, in 1969 he had joined with two bankers—both later indicted for mismanagement—in trying to buy a public hospital for conversion to a nursing home. Against the recommendation of the state Department of Public Health, Massachusetts's attorney general had certified the hospital building as fit, then excluded the transaction from his annual report. Tip said on the same occasion that he had known "as a party leader and friend," but "never as a business associate," one Maurice Spear—a contributor to O'Neill's campaigns, who also was president of a bank in which O'Neill owned stock, and whose signature was next to O'Neill's on the organization papers of a partnership. Spear later was indicted for using the partnership—from which O'Neill had withdrawn but his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chief Boston aide had not—to launder money allegedly defrauded from the state.

O'Neill made a $100,000 profit on a $10,000 investment in a private psychiatric hospital which got into the apartment business and secured, with his help, HUD approval for a loan guarantee and for rent subsidies. He also leaned on HUD Secretary Carla Hills to "expedite" approval of a $100 million HUD rental subsidy contract for a Democratic fundraiser named James Wilmot, whose family and employees had given $8000 to a fund O'Neill doled out to congressional candidates who could help him become Speaker.

Except for William Safire, whose *New York Times* columns have made him the town scold, Washington has been willing to forget, or at least forgive, O'Neill's little turnings from the straight and narrow, seemingly for three reasons: he has been a liberal in leadership, he opposed the Vietnam war and he offers the best chance for securing progressive legislation and campaign reform. Each assertion depends, though, on a selective reading of the life of Tip O'Neill.

The war is O'Neill's trump card in liberal drawing rooms. It was the issue that brought him to national prominence, an issue on which he spoke with customary bombast and unaccustomed passion. His most widely publicized statements were on the order of his 1970 urging, "If it were in my hands I'd pull out in the morning." That kind of rhetoric did not come easily to a man whose district was one of working class conservatives, many with jobs in the Boston Navy Yard, the Chelsea Naval Hospital, the Watertown Arsenal or defense contracting industries. In 1964 O'Neill had said, "It is up to us to contain Communism. They want to take over the world." And the next year he said, "Educators with glib answers" on Vietnam, and students who listened to them, "will destroy the very freedom they invoke." O'Neill broke with Johnson on the war, in careful low key, in a 1967 letter to his constituents. He wrote, "As a citizen, Congressman and father, I cannot help but wonder whether this may not be too high a price to pay for an obscure and limited objective." He suggested a bombing halt in North Vietnam, withdrawal of American troops to "strategic enclaves," United Nations involvement and Vietnamization—that is, "an Asian solution to what is essentially an Asian problem."

O'Neill's supporters argue that in 1967, in his district, his letter verged on radicalism. But in the same year, in a letter to a constituent unhappy with his position, he said, "I agree that the United States' presence in Vietnam is justified. Without our involvement there it is clear that the government of South Vietnam would fall." He cited the SEATO pact, and added, "I cannot agree with those people who demand the withdrawal of American forces from Vietnam. They refuse to acknowledge that a blood bath would follow as each side exacts retribution." He said escalation was wrong chiefly because it would provoke Moscow, a risk not worth taking, and because bombing did not stop "infiltration" nor demoralize the North. Not until 1972 did O'Neill sponsor a bill to end the war. After he became whip in 1971 he abstained both from helping Carl Albert pass pro-war measures and from helping anti-war colleagues defeat or amend them.

One Communist enemy O'Neill never has changed his mind about is Kim Il Sung of North Korea, whom O'Neill has described as "one of the real nutcakes of the world." In fact one of O'Neill's arguments advanced to "prove" that he could not have been bribed by Tongsun Park is that he did not need to be. He has supported Park Chung Hee's every request for aid. He overruled the House International Relations Committee in 1976 to restore $200 million in military aid for South Korea. He refused to join 153 other House members in signing a letter protesting prison terms for religious and academic leaders who had called for the restoration of democracy to Korea. "We've got a billion dollars invested over there," O'Neill explained. "They're 25 miles from a vicious Communist regime."

O'Neill voted in 1976 against a ban on arms sales to Chile's military government. But then he bailed out Massachusetts Congressman Michael Harrington, after Harrington released classified material about Chile and the CIA, explaining, "Everybody knows it is customary to help someone from your delegation"—a variation on one of his favorite themes, namely that "All politics is local."

By the standards of liberals, Tip O'Neill's foreign policy is far from dovish. But by comparison with Carl Albert and Hale Boggs, his predecessors as Speaker and majority leader, or Jim Wright, his successor as majority leader, O'Neill is no arch-militarist. Similarly his personal convictions on housing, aid to cities, health and welfare, even busing and gun control, are to the left of other members of leadership, except for his whip and protege, John Brademas. The comparison has persuaded many liberals not to press O'Neill too hard, because it is so good to have something of a liberal in leadership. (O'Neill once described himself as "a liberal-progressive tinged with conservatism.")

In fact O'Neill entered the leadership as Hale Bogg's whip in 1971 at least partly because the House Democrats had to have someone northern, liberal, preferably even somewhat anti-war to maintain Albert's and Boggs's control over an ever-younger, more progressive and more independent membership. The supposed front-runner for whip in 1970, the man O'Neill beat, was Hugh Carey of New York. Another candidate was Wayne Hays, whose career O'Neill helped end in a thunder of propriety in 1976, motivated, as his defense of Sikes the next year made clear, more by self-protection than by moral indignation.

Tip O'Neill's 40-year public career has been a boon to his family, his friends, his constituents and liberal causes—in roughly that order. O'Neill likes to brag that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at political dinners in Massachusetts people come up and ask Ted Kennedy and Ed Brooke for autographs, and ask Tip O'Neill for favors.

O'Neill has been helpful to his family. Son and nephew of Cambridge City Councillors, Tip managed to make his brother campaign manager for Governor Endicott Peabody and then a judge. He guided his son Christopher to the US Senate Commerce Committee staff, his daughter Rosemary to a public affairs position in the State Department, his daughter Susan to a job with a public employee union and his son and namesake, Thomas P. O'Neill, III, known as Tommy (or sometimes, "the Tiplet"), to election in 1972 as a state representative and then, two years later, as lieutenant governor. Tommy O'Neill has been designated chief of "Federal-state relations," and with his father's assistance and canny manipulation of the press has built an image of diligence and ability.

Many of O'Neill's old friends also have secured government jobs with his help. One, Owen Clarke, recently stepped down as Massachusetts Taxation Commissioner after admitting he didn't enforce the collection laws: compliance would put too many companies out of business, he explained. The state attorney general's office twice opened criminal investigations into Clarke's administration. Another O'Neill crony, John Warren McGarry, apparently omitted mentioning his interests in several bars and in a family trust when filing reports with the House Ethics Committee as an election subcommittee staff member for several years. McGarry was nominated this winter, at O'Neill's behest, to the Federal Elections Commission. The younger O'Neill's chief of staff, Sam Vitale, was demoted and then forced to resign last fall after he was implicated in a fraud scheme.

It is impossible to deny that over his long career Tip O'Neill's voting record has been consistently liberal, or at least bread-and-butter Democratic, when this did not conflict with the more immediate interests of his constituents. His four years as Speaker of the Massachusetts House—which he ruled by locking the doors on close votes, gaveling appropriations through against the rules and periodically refusing to recognize the Republican opposition—produced reforms in job discrimination, care for the elderly and especially mental health; and raises in unemployment bonuses and veterans housing aid. In the US House he opposed the Lockheed bailout and the SST; he instituted the rule that forces roll calls, not just voice votes, on most key amendments; he faithfully supported labor, even on common situs picketing at a time when a common situs dispute was blocking and threatening to kill a HUD housing renovation program in Boston. Of course his real enthusiasm for future progressive legislation—national health insurance, meaningful spending on a Humphrey-Hawkins jobs program, federalization of welfare—is unclear and perhaps unimportant, at least until President Carter shows more determination to make good on these promises.

But liberals are on balance right that O'Neill's score on legislation, on parliamentary reform and on date of disaffection with Vietnam is, if not the best, as good as they are likely to get in a House Speaker. The issue, therefore, becomes how long O'Neill will last. He has said he'd like to stay three terms as Speaker, and despite his weight, his cigar-smoking, his hard driving through 65 years, he appears healthy.

His legal condition is slightly less certain. If he was telling the whole truth in 1976 when he disclosed a net worth of $125,000, with no significant assets except two homes and a piece of Cape Cod land, he is secure. But he concealed the details of his original involvement in the Bristol Nursing Home, with partners who were later indicted. When his involvement became public, he said through an aide that he did not consider he had entered into formal, rather than tentative, agreement. In another interview he indirectly conceded the involvement and claimed to have lost $5000. That statement he later retracted, again through an aide. He concealed, then attempted to dismiss in a blustery letter, his involvement in securing $1.3 million in HUD loan insurance for the apartment housing venture of Glenside Hospital just before he sold his stock—which had cost $10,000 in 1958—for about $110,000. The application had been sped along by Boston regional HUD director Dan Richardson (who has since pleaded guilty of failing to file income taxes). The apartment complex changed hands several times, an initial HUD application was filed before O'Neill's hospital group became involved, and a revised application bore the notations "Congress" and "new." The Glenside group bought the property with two mortgages, one from an investor group including O'Neill's chief aide in Washington, Leo Diehl. Both the nursing home and apartment purchases apparently were legal: Congressmen cannot do business with the government, but corporations of which they are directors can. But the conflict between fact and what O'Neill told various newspapers has led many Massachusetts politicians to suspect that further, and possibly more damaging, omissions may surface.

O'Neill has attributed his misstatements about his finances to lapses of memory, an odd claim for a man who prides himself on his recall of facts: he has a reputation for being able to recite his vote totals, ward by ward, for the last 40 years. Yet in frequently telling his favorite story, about the neighbor woman who upbraided him in his first election because he hadn't asked for her vote, O'Neill has added (on different occasions) that he learned the lesson because he lost by "56," "150," "less than 300," "446," "470" or "476" votes. The actual total was 428 before a recount, 426 after. It's a number he has claimed he'll remember all his life. But Tip O'Neill's career, and his reputation, are, after all, based on selective forgetting.

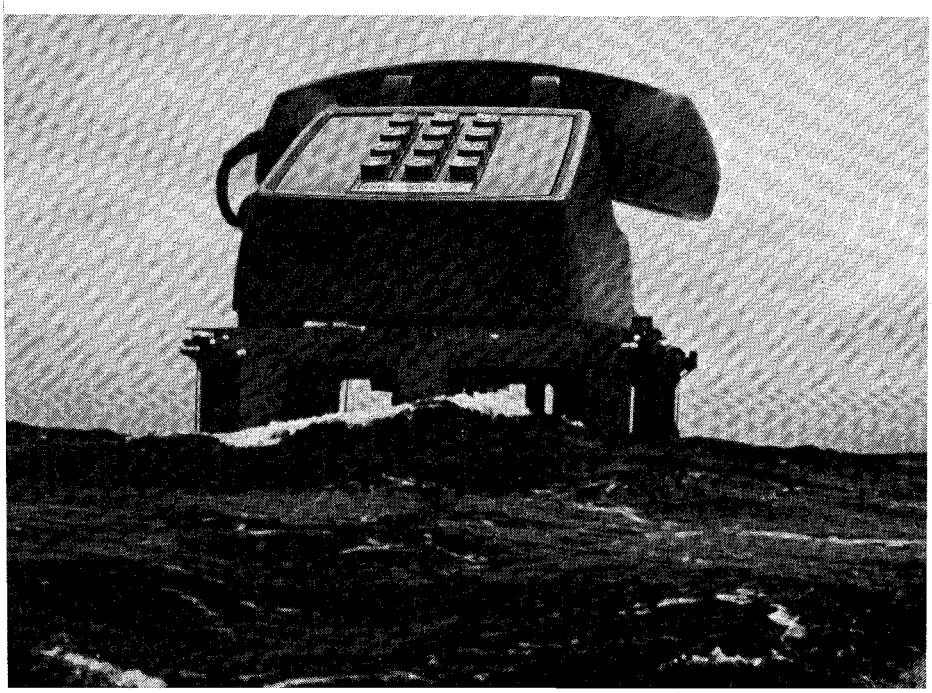
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A report on a matter of public interest:

How the Bell System is pumping more service out of less oil.

In 1973, when the OPEC oil embargo went into effect, the Bell System committed itself to reducing its energy consumption. That commitment has been fulfilled. In four years, the Bell System has saved the energy equivalent of almost 24 million barrels of oil and over 415 million dollars in energy costs—savings that help hold down the cost of your telephone bills.

Today, the Bell System is actually using 11 per cent less energy than it did in 1973, even though the number of telephones in service has risen over 16 per cent and the volume of business has increased 33 per cent.



Here's how we are combining common sense with uncommon technology in four basic areas to achieve Zero Energy Growth.

Telephones are reconditioned three times.

The Bell System's energy needs begin with the power and fuel necessary to design and manufacture the basic communications components—cables, wire and equipment such as your home telephone.

In general, it takes much more energy to manufacture such items from scratch than it does to recycle them. Because Bell System equipment is designed by Bell Labs to be reliable, repairable *and* recyclable, extensive energy cutbacks have been realized through 40 years of recycling and reuse. New, more energy-efficient processes are constantly being devised by Western Electric, some of which entail modifying original designs for even greater materials and power savings.

Since 1974, the Bell conservation program has saved the energy equivalent of over three million barrels of oil by recycling metals. Also, more than six million equivalent barrels of oil have been saved through the reuse of equipment. The average telephone, for example, is reconditioned three times before it is unrepairable or obsolete.

New technology does more with less.

Another area in which the Bell System is effecting energy savings is in power for switching and transmission equipment. Constantly, new energy-saving technology is being added to the system. *Item:* Over two billion power-saving transistors, diodes and integrated circuits have been put into use. *Item:* Light Emitting Diodes (LEDs) are replacing incandescent bulbs in switchboards and telephones, saving over 90 per cent of the previously required power. *Item:* A new

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

microprocessor called MAC-8 is less than one-tenth the size of a postage stamp yet contains the equivalent of over 7,000 transistors. The MAC-8 can execute several hundred electronic "thinking" functions, yet it will operate on only one-tenth of a watt of power.

Smaller vehicles power giant fleet.

Twenty-two per cent of Bell's energy requirements are in fuel for its fleet of over 170,000 vehicles, the largest privately owned and operated motor fleet in the world. Here, a number of commonsense procedures have been adopted: engines are carefully tuned for peak efficiency, smaller and more fuel-efficient vehicles are being used, and shuttle services have been set up between some company locations. In addition, New York Telephone Company is experimenting with nonpolluting, energy-saving electric-powered trucks. Due to these and other efforts, the Bell System in 1976 used over five per cent less motor fuel than in 1973.

Even employees' body heat is used.

Heating, lighting and air conditioning of Bell System's 25,000 buildings account for 45 per cent of its energy needs. Broad economies have been achieved simply by removing thousands of unnecessary lights; by lowering temperature settings; by cutting back on hot water temperatures; and by heating or cooling unoccupied areas only to the extent required for equipment operations.

Moving beyond the obvious conservation measures, the Bell System created a building energy management program to redesign and retrofit existing buildings to improve their energy efficiency. Two examples of other power-saving programs at Bell facilities:

• On windy Block Island, Rhode Island, the New England Telephone Company began operating a wind dynamo in September, 1976. It can produce up to 15 kilowatts of electricity to power a central office and microwave radio terminal. Excess power from the windmill is fed back to the power company.

• In AT&T's new Basking Ridge, New Jersey, facility, an innovative computerized system heats about 1½ million feet of office space by recovering excess heat from the building environment—lights, equipment and the body heat of employees. It is estimated that the system uses 25 per cent less energy than conventional heating/cooling systems.

Bell trials of solar heating and cooling are providing valuable data which should lead to more widespread use of alternate energy systems.

Windmill helps power central phone office and microwave radio terminal (tower at right) on Block Island.

Today, throughout the Bell System, our commitment to energy conservation is more than a goal; it is an ongoing reality. And in looking to the future, we anticipate that in 1982 we will still be using no more energy than was used in 1973. *Keeping your phone system the best in the world.*

Bell System

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Local Colors

One of the complaints, old and true, about American films was that they wasted America. Here was a country of manifold origins and communities and vocations that had produced manifold small societies within itself with distinctive ways of living; here also was the country that in effect had created the film medium; but those two facts almost never got together. We left it to the rest of the world to use film as a fixative of social realities. Most of what was done along those lines in American films was either plastic or the result of obvious "research." We had the Western, which was usually about Western myth, not Western fact. We had the urban film, which for decades was visibly a studio back-lot film. We had the small-town film, which made *Our Town* look like *The Lower Depths*. While many countries of Europe and Asia were inscribing their varied societies in light, our film-makers were generally fabricating—often entertainingly, sometimes beautifully, but fabricating.

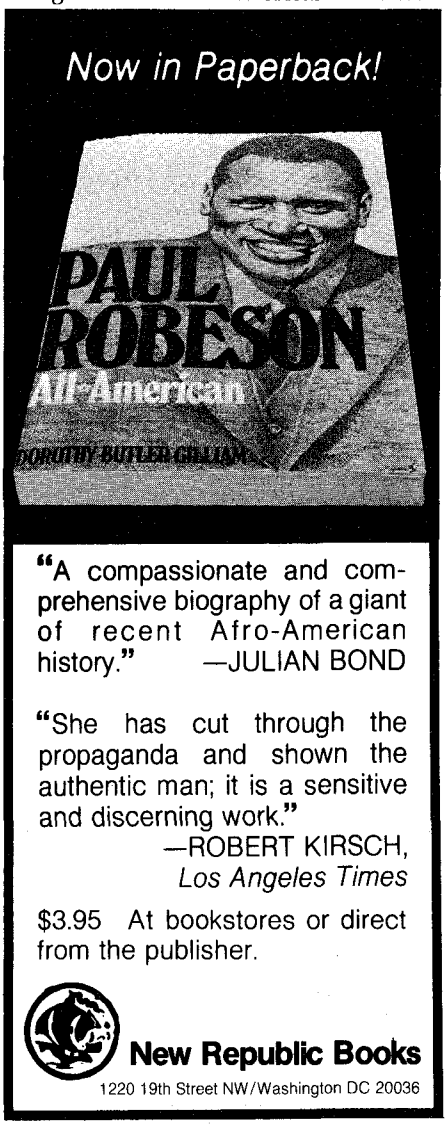
To some degree this has changed. One of the best results of the pressures of the Film Generation in the last dozen or so years is that America, as it was and is, has slowly been leaking on to the American screen. I'm talking here not about character and plot elements but the way that the people in the picture live from day to day: jobs, homes, marriages, games, fights, language. *Derby, American Graffiti, Desperate Characters, The Last Picture Show, Mean Streets*—whatever their defects in other regards—are films of the last decade that were intent on truthfully crystallizing their worlds.

Now there are two more. The first is already a big hit. *Saturday Night Fever* (Paramount) is set in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn which is just across the bay from Manhattan and might as well be a hundred miles away. For three years in the early '70s I taught in a CUNY college in South Jamaica, one subway token and 30 minutes away from Manhattan; and when I got out of the train at either end I felt that I had changed countries. It wasn't the difference in architecture, high buildings versus low—you can get that change within Manhattan itself: it was the self-centeredness of each place, which I thought I could sense immediately. Each place lived as if the other didn't exist. Manhattan had no interest in Jamaica; Jamaica, possibly resigned to this or resentful of it, concentrated on its own society, social patterns, clubs, and amusements. To talk to (most) Jamaica students about Manhattan shows or even free Manhattan things like museums and libraries was almost like talking about Paris. They went there more often than to Paris, but basically they seemed not to feel very much closer.

It's this feeling—separate and defiant, parochial within a metropolis—that floods the screen in *Saturday Night Fever*. The script was written by Norman Wexler who wrote *Joe*, which too explored real differences within seeming homogeneity. Wexler's Bay Ridge story is old movie hokum: for instance, it gives us an upward motion out of stratification that is completely unjustified by anything we see and hear. At the end the hero and a Bay Ridge girl who is intent on breaking out are both in Manhattan, on their way—only because Wexler says so. But before that, the hero, an Italian-American 19-year-old who works in a hardware store and lives to dance on Saturday night, is in his daily "unscripted" life, vivid, valid, highly affecting. The job talk, the family dinner-table talk, the discotheque talk are all at a pitch to make most of the "new reality" on TV sound as if it had ad agency approval. I don't mean profanity, although there is plenty of it, but rhythm, reference, cruelty.

John Travolta, a TV star who made an inauspicious film debut in *Carrie*, plays the hero and is—the exact word for this performance—terrific. A flat-stomached, good-hearted, frustrated, vain and clever cockerel. When he hits that dance floor on Saturday night, after six days of obeying his boss, he sheds his chains and becomes a king. When the girls rave about him, we believe it. (The two principal girls are poorly cast.) The discotheque that Travolta and his set patronize is called, inevitably, the *2001*, full of flashing colored lights. It's all a trip—out of Bay Ridge but firmly rooted there.

Sex is earned on the dance floor; the quick visits to the cars parked outside are the perks of sharp dancing and sharp dressing. But it's clear that the sex is secondary. The real gratification is in cutting loose in public, exciting admiration, being something other than a shop-clerk or a secretary before a jury of your community-bound peers. The director John Badham, who dealt so warmly with the 1920s black baseball circuit in *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*, does an equally responsive job with Bay Ridge.



"A compassionate and comprehensive biography of a giant of recent Afro-American history." —JULIAN BOND

"She has cut through the propaganda and shown the authentic man; it is a sensitive and discerning work."
—ROBERT KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*

$3.95 At bookstores or direct from the publisher.

New Republic Books
1220 19th Street NW/Washington DC 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blue Collar (Universal) does the same sort of job, but deeper, with auto workers in Detroit. Paul Schrader, who wrote the dubious script of *Taxi Driver* and the undubiously awful script of *The Yakuza*, wrote this script—with his brother Leonard—and directed. (Sydney A. Glass supplied the Schraders with some source material.) The script has its wobbles. Here again the plot structure is weak. In *Saturday Night Fever* we can accept the feeble plot movements as devices to permit the depiction of the milieu. In *Blue Collar* the structure is worse. It starts as a breezy comedy about three friends, two black men and a white man who work on the same assembly line, who bowl together with their wives (one black and one white man anyway) and who ball with other women at cocaine parties. At the beginning the script handles their strapped financial situations farcically. A scene with an IRS man is an updated black remake of a similar scene in *You Can't Take It With You;* then there's a comic robbery with ludicrous Halloween masks, a touch of *Big Deal on Madonna Street;* then, because of something the three friends discover in the union local's safe that they rob, the script suddenly turns heavily dramatic; and then it tries to turn tragic. It's almost as if Schrader didn't know where he was heading when he started.

But along the way, inside each of the sections, inside the scenes within those sections, life is made. The homes, the bar, the parties, the plant squabbles, the union meetings, the snoopings by the FBI have the smell of authenticity: of dailiness dramatized as most documentaries cannot do it. And the dialogue, except for an occasional touch of the unduly prophetic, is raunchily real. (It reminded me of what Robert Graves said about the use of the adjective "fucking" in the British Army: it's used so often that it loses any meaning, it merely signals the approach of a noun.)

This is Schrader's first directing job, and the best elements in the script fit his ability like a role tailored for an actor. His work is easy and quick, imaginative but not ostentatious. The long shots of the auto plant and a filling station tell us that he has seen *Red Desert* and *American Graffiti*, his traveling shots of the assembly line are reminders of Godard, but as long as he isn't merely imitating, why shouldn't a young director learn from older ones? In the grittiness of this workers' world, Schrader is much less strained and arty than Scorsese was in directing Schrader's *Taxi Driver* script, much more intent on revealing than displaying.

The casting is sound. Yaphet Kotto, who replaced James Earl Jones in *The Great White Hope* on Broadway, has a good deal of the same giant's gentleness, though not all of Jones's lately-found subtlety. Richard Pryor is exceptionally gifted, more gifted in comedy than in the tougher notes of his part. Harvey Keitel, a hot-and-cold actor, is here right on the beam as the Polish-American good joe who is forced out of goodness. Schrader has found ways to help Keitel to the heart of this well-meaning, eventually bruised prole.

Two principal themes connect under the clanky plot. The first is the changed status of the American worker: from the poverty of poverty to the higher-paid poverty of inflicted consumerism. Where he used to struggle for bread and shelter, now he struggles—not much less painfully—for back-taxes and braces for his daughter's teeth. The second theme is the changed relation with the union, and the changed union. Frank Tannenbaum wrote, early in this decade: " . . . the union returns to the worker his 'society.' It gives him a fellowship . . . a social and ethical system, not merely an economic one." Not here. The union is only an instrument, a pain in the neck but an instrument.

Blue Collar hits hard at this union, the UAW, in the instance of this local. The leaders are drawn as liars, crooks, users of race prejudice, brutes, and murderers. We see the services that the union provides for its members, and we see the tyrannies leveled in exchange. I won't presume to pass judgment on the accuracy of this portrayal, though the newspapers are not exactly free of stories about union malfeasance. But I certainly can't believe that American unions, which have been blessings to millions, are free of American vices. There is a clear recurrence of anti-union feeling these days, in advertising campaigns and elsewhere, yet only the extremely nervous will see *Blue Collar* as anti-unionist. Truth, for those who care about it, can be uncomfortable, not really inimical; and in the view of general experience, these union actions ring true.

Whatever the arguments, whatever the faults of both of these pictures, they stake out their territories. People live in them the way they really live in them. And to that consequential degree, these two small films become works, not of sociology but of art.

THE AMERICAN INCOME PHILOSOPHY

. . . to recognize what is and what can be
. . . to know where we are and where we are going
. . . to dream big and implement realistically
. . . to recognize responsibility and make decisions with sensitivity

We operate under the free enterprise system and are basically like other insurance companies with one difference, however. We are union through and through. Our office force and agents are union members and covered by negotiated contracts.

Of the 1,700 insurance companies in America, 15 giant companies do 85% of the business. That means that the other 1,685 fight for what's left. Even though **American Income Life** has over $100 million in assets and is stable and successful, we are among the companies competing for your business.

We're living proof that a company with union contracts can compete with non-union companies. Our employees enjoy the protection of union contracts and wages, yet our policies cost no more than similar policies offered by non-union and anti-union insurance companies.

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY . . .
a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets of approximately 100 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to: Bernard Rapoport, Chairman of the Board P.O.B. 208, Waco, Texas 76703

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Considered

Zora Neale Hurston: A Literary Biography by Robert E. Hemenway

(University of Illinois Press; $15)

Biography can have many different intentions and uses. A biography of a statesman will have one intention, a biography of a religious leader quite a different one; so also with biographies of scientists, military men, musicians, industrialists, philosophers, etc. A biography of a literary personality presumably intends to continue the writer's work in favor or restore it to favor and intends, at the same time, to explore the complex relationship between a life and the writing produced out of it—that is, to explore the creative process, its sources, its mysterious ways, and its complex transformations of lived experience.

Robert Hemenway's solid and informative biography of Zora Neale Hurston will have performed a more than useful service, I believe, if it sends new readers to her work and returns old readers to it, for Hurston has been far too quickly forgotten and her work unjustly neglected. By making his a "literary biography," with extensive, often acute summaries and analyses of all Hurston's extant work, both published and unpublished, Hemenway provides everything necessary for a revival of this perhaps minor but nevertheless very attractive and appealing talent and body of writing; and he offers also much matter for speculation on the nature of the creative process in the unique case of Zora Hurston.

Hurston was not a simple person, nor was hers an uncomplicated life and career. She was an anthropologist (student of Franz Boas and Ruth Benedict) and a first-rank folklorist who chose to exercise her talents not among Fiji Islanders or other exotic foreign people but rather among those people she had grown up with in the rural South; she was a novelist (author of one really fine and moving novel, *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, about a woman's awakening to herself and to the natural world through love), a playwright, and an autobiographer who was destined to see her last three book-length manuscripts—two novels and a biography—and her final stories all rejected by publishers and magazine editors; she was "certainly the most amusing" (according to Langston Hughes) of the Harlem Renaissance literati—whom she delighted to call the "Niggerati," proclaiming herself "Queen of the Niggerati"—and an impulsively generous friend who was, by common agreement, the life of every party in the heyday of the Harlem Renaissance; but

Zora Hurston (1934) by Carl Van Vechten

she was also a jealously suspicious person and a sometime plagiarist who was quick to turn around and accuse others of plundering her works; she was for 30 years an exuberant celebrator of the distinctive black culture she had known as a child in Eatonville, Florida, yet her publishing career came to an end with a novel about the souls of white folk (*Seraph on the Suwanee*) and then petered out sadly in a couple of simplistic anti-Communist pieces in the *American Legion Magazine* (sic), an article in support of Robert Taft in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and a letter to a Florida newspaper opposing the Supreme Court desegregation decision of 1954.

With all this, and much more, as her strange and paradoxical life, Hurston's death had a terrible appropriateness about it: she died in 1960 in a welfare home in Florida, after living alone for several years in a backwoods shack while trying in vain to excite the publishing world and Hollywood about her biography of Herod; was "funeralized" (to adopt a word that she specially favored) with funds donated by friends and acquaintances; and was buried, "dressed in a bright pink dressing gown" with "fuzzy pink mules" on her feet, in an unmarked grave (the exact plot remains unknown) in the Garden of the Heavenly Rest, a segregated cemetery in Fort Pierce, Florida.

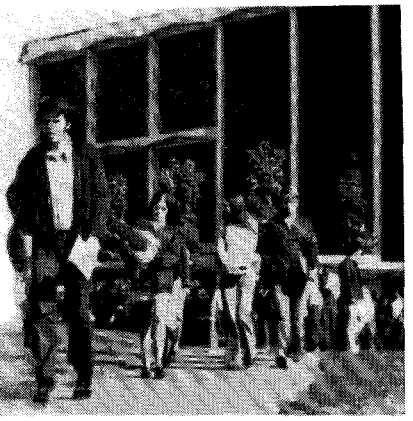
This tale that Hemenway tells, and tells well, is by turns boisterous, sobering, cautionary, humorous, and pathetic, but it is scarcely ever "representative"—and that, I think, would have pleased the highly individualistic Zora Hurston, for in her deepest and truest character she was always very much her own woman. There is an appropriate exchange in (I believe) one of Joyce Cary's novels that goes something like this:

> *"Speak for yourself," he said.*
> *"I can't do anything else," she answered. "It's the only language I know."*

It might be imagined that, as she was anthropologist, novelist, dramatist, and folklórist, Hurston would have commanded a variety of languages ranging from the jargon of social science to the living speech of what she felt to be her true subject: "the Negro farthest down." The truth is, however, that when she was writing at the top of her bent—when she was not trying to write to publishers' specifications (real or imagined) and not doing hack work because she desperately needed money—the language was only her own and spoken for herself even though it was also a medium shaped out of the traditional rituals of a community that honored language as a spoken art and kept it alive and more than well. It is an instructive exercise to compare Hurston's folkloric manner with that of other collectors in a volume like Harold Courlander's mammoth *Treasury of Afro-American Folklore:* there is more life and racy vigor in a single line put down by Hurston than in whole pages of flat, pallid narrative and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you want to buy a college education as carefully as you buy a car, there is only ONE consumer guide



The only *consumer oriented* guide that asks the same hard questions seniors and their parents do...with new, vital after-graduation statistics!

Next to a new home, a college education is probably the largest single life investment students and parents will make. Before you pay up to $30,000 for that education, it makes sense to invest just $8.95—in the one college guide that takes an objective, "consumer tested" approach to the problem of picking the right college AND getting in.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LOVEJOY'S, BARRON'S—AND US

Ask any bookseller; he'll show you three respected college guides. The first, *Lovejoy's,* covers accredited and unaccredited institutions in just 423 pages. The second, *Barron's Profiles,* covering four-year institutions in 917 pages, draws its data almost exclusively from what colleges and universities say about themselves. In contrast, *Cass & Birnbaum's Comparative Guide,* covering all accredited four-year institutions in 1,017 pages, is the only guide based on original, critical research—with data drawn *not only from school administrations,* but also from the U.S. Office of Education and the National Science Foundation —as well as from surveys of student leaders and college deans. The respected *Personnel and Guidance Journal* calls it...

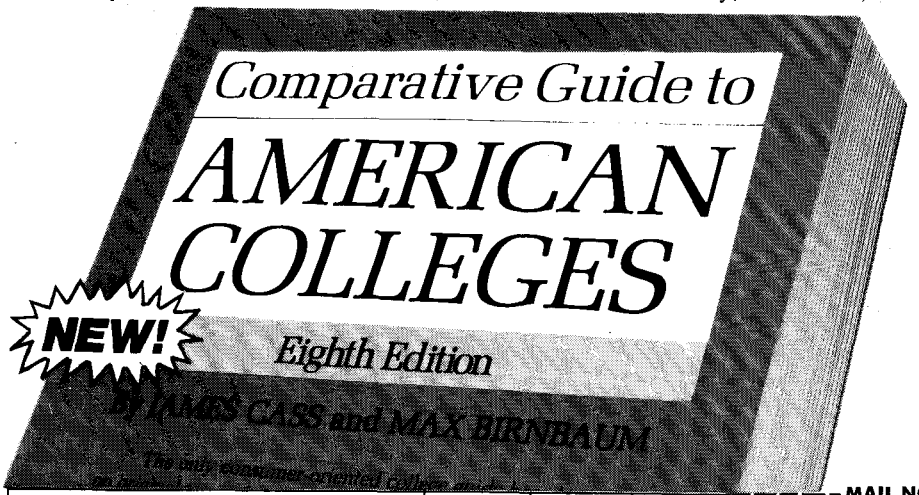
"helpful and even daring...helpful because it contains information not usually found in other guides or college catalogues...daring in that it takes a 'consumer's view' of the college-choosing problem."

Only *Cass & Birnbaum's Comparative Guide* is equipped to answer all your questions in such depth: all factors in admission; current costs, scholarships and loans; special academic opportunities; religious and racial composition of the student body; intellectual, social and cultural environment; rules governing student conduct—and who makes them; academic pressures and degree requirements; and campus life styles—even including such small but significant factors as how many students remain on college campus each weekend!

NEW IN THIS EDITION—AND ONLY IN "CASS & BIRNBAUM"

Responding to today's economic needs, the *Cass & Birnbaum Comparative Guide* now gives vastly expanded data on many schools' new vocational/professional training programs—*and on the careers that the graduates of a college actually follow.* This section tells what percentage of graduates go on to professional schools—and the specific schools they are likely to attend. It identifies the undergraduate institutions that have recently produced the largest number of medical, dental and law school acceptances—and the 200 colleges and universities whose graduates have been most successful in business.

This new Graduates Career Data section—which many readers will feel is alone worth the price of the book—is just one of the features that make *Cass & Birnbaum's Comparative Guide* unique in its up-to-date consumer focus. But the best test will be your own. Send for a copy and look up the specific schools you are considering. Check the full range of data against the college catalogues and brochures that leave so many questions unanswered. If you don't feel that *Cass & Birnbaum's Comparative Guide* is the one college-choosing reference you must have, simply return your copy for a full refund.



POINTS OF COMPARISON	CASS & BIRNBAUM	LOVEJOY'S	BARRON'S
Provides full, substantial entry on college and campus life	√		√
Gives percentage of applicants accepted and enrolled in the preceding year	√		
Includes information from college deans and student leaders	√		
Has full coverage of admission standards, SAT levels	√		√
Gives student body breakdown, **including** racial and religious percentages	√		
Tells what percentage of faculty holds doctoral degree	√		√
Includes all **unaccredited** 4-year and 2-year institutions		√	
Lists intercollegiate and intramural sports on campus			√
Includes most recent percentages of degrees awarded in each major field of study	√		
Offers hard information on graduate "success" with law and medical school admissions and business management achievement	√		

— MAIL NOW • MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE —

To your bookstore or

Harper & Row, Mail Order Dept. 4926 D
10 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ copies of the paperback edition of *Cass & Birnbaum's Comparative Guide* at $8.95 each, plus 75¢ per copy postage and handling and applicable sales tax. I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order in the amount of $_____. If not satisfied, I may return the book(s) within 10 days for a full refund.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dialogue recorded by other folklorists, for the simple reason that the language Hurston writes is the language she knew, the language she had grown up hearing and speaking, the language she lived with and lived in.

The research that has gone into this volume is meticulous and very nearly as complete, I should think, as extant sources allow. There are excellent chapters here on the mysterious woman—"a very wealthy, beautiful, arthritic, elderly, generous, mystical patron of the Afro-American arts"—who supported Hurston and Langston Hughes and held them so thoroughly in her power, both financial and psychological, that Hurston always called her Godmother and approached her as a child to the throne, while Hughes, as he tells in *The Big Sea*, suffered a severe psychosomatic illness when he broke with her (he also refused ever to reveal her identity); on the quarrel between the once close friends Hurston and Hughes—again alluded to, but only briefly, in Hughes's autobiography—over a play to be called *Mule Bone*, over a woman who seemed to Hurston to be making of the relationship a three-cornered affair, and over dealings with Mrs. R. Osgood Mason, the Godmother Herself; and on Hurston's folklore-collecting trips to the South, her "hoodoo" and "voodoo" education in New Orleans and Haiti, and her apparent mingling of voodoo and marriage when she threatened that if her second husband (who was 23 when they married to Hurston's 38 or 48: she was not good on dates) didn't "perform her wishes" she would, with powers acquired through voodoo initiation, "FIX HIM" (this according to the husband's countersuit in the divorce proceedings). It is all here, and Hemenway has done a remarkable job in searching it out and bringing everything together.

Despite the admirable research and the careful scholarship that have gone into this book, there remains a mystery at the core of Zora Neale Hurston's life and her writing. And this is very much as it should be. When I say a mystery remains I am not thinking of biographical details—what Hurston did, when, and with whom—that might be cleared up in the "definitive" book that Hemenway modestly allows is yet to be written. I have in mind, instead, mystery in a truer sense: the arcanum of a creative personality, the special darkness at the heart of a writer's or an artist's existence, that no amount of explanation can touch or circumscribe, much less clear up or explain away—fortunately. Hemenway's is a good book and at its end the mystery remains to draw the reader, one may hope, to those of Hurston's books (especially *Their Eyes Were Watching God* and the great folklore collection, *Mules and Men*) where the mystery finds its truest, its deepest, and its most lasting creative expression.

James Olney

James Olney, Professor of English at North Carolina Central University, is currently editing a volume of essays on autobiography for Princeton University Press.

The Victim As Criminal and Artist: Literature From the American Prison by H. Bruce Franklin

(Oxford University Press; $13.95)

This book, like its title, plays on and against the standard assumptions about criminals. The subtitle, "Literature From the American Prison," suggests writing by convicts; yet Franklin's subjects range from slave narratives and spirituals, through Melville's writings (which deal with sailors and other "imprisoned" workers), to poems and novels by Americans who have actually been incarcerated—all gathered into one category to demonstrate that "the main lines of American literature can be traced from the plantation to the penitentiary." In the title, Franklin inverts what might be the expected topic of a book about prison literature—"the criminal as victim and artist"—and in doing so emphasizes the primary nature of the prisoner's victimization. As he puts it in his introduction:

> *My subject is literature created by those members of the oppressed classes who have become artists with words through their experience of being defined by the state as criminals . . . The authors' 'crimes' are mostly those peculiar to the condition of poverty and forced labor: refusal to work; desertion and escape; mutiny and revolt; revolution.*

Though stated rather neutrally here, his intention becomes much more obviously polemical when he asserts at the end of the first chapter that "in societies divided into social classes much of the most significant art has come from the oppressed classes." That is, he is chastizing academia not merely for ignoring *a* body of literature, but for slanting the criteria of academic excellence so as to exclude *the* body of literature which is in fact the most valuable.

This attack on the academic establishment is at the heart of Franklin's work. He has constructed a see-saw with the "academic" and the "real" seated at opposite ends, so that any elevation of the real (in this case, writing by slaves, workers, and convicts) must be at the expense of the academic (which he equates with narrow-minded elitism, unthinking adherence to tradition, fear of physicality, and all the rest of those qualities which were lumped together in the '60s under the catchword "irrelevance"). Sprinkled throughout his writing are snide and occasionally wildly idiosyncratic cracks at academic practices and standards (such as the remark, for instance, that "without the real-life stove boats and drowned sailors, without Melville's personal participation in all this, *Moby Dick* would be as abstract and boring as *The Faerie Queene*"). New Criticism, which Franklin questionably equates with the white-Southern-gentlemanly racism of Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren, naturally receives the brunt of his attack because of its failure to take biographical, historical, and sociological facts into account.

There is some truth to all this, of course, but it is betrayed by Franklin's heavy-handedness. A wiser and less zealous advocate might have done more service to the cause of prison literature by behaving more politely to the people who ought to teach it. By taking a self-contradictory position, Franklin unfortunately enables those he attacks to ignore him.

The chief flaws of *The Victim As Criminal and Artist* stem from its author's failure to acknowledge his own inconsistent position. Self-righteous rejection of academia seems a bit out of place in an Oxford University Press book by a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rutgers English professor, yet Franklin appears to see no conflict here. In fact, his self-advertised enlightenment at times becomes downright embarrassing, as when he alludes in the introduction to his well-known stance during the Vietnam War: "Blacks, students, women, Chicanos, Indians, workers, Puerto Ricans, even a few white male professors of literature—all sorts of people seemed to be demanding radical changes."

Franklin seems not to perceive that his task is by its very nature self-contradictory, since he must ultimately depend on the standards which he professes to have renounced in order to prove to his colleagues that "his" literature is as good as "theirs." Thus despite his vaunted distaste for New Criticism he praises a slave narrative on the grounds that it "virtually explodes with artfully arranged, volatile tensions," while he counters a classroom argument about authorial naivete by stating that "enough internal evidence was found to show the ironies must have been intentional"—"tensions," "ironies," and "internal evidence" all being trademarks of the New Critical method. Elsewhere he unintentionally proves his point about academic narrowness by reproducing a lively piece of prison writing and then providing a deadening "literary" reading of it (though the skeptic could probably get around this proof by pointing out that Franklin simply isn't very good at textual analysis). Though he asserts that this newly discovered literature demands "an aesthetic radically different from most aesthetics applied in the university," he never offers such an approach, and one is left wondering whether it really exists. Perhaps he might have shown how prison literature *could* fit in with the prevailing esthetic, instead of simply defining that esthetic as inherently unable to encompass anything worthwhile. Straw men make for easy arguments in the short run, but they don't provide a very good foundation for further discussion, which is what Franklin avowedly wants.

As the short passages already quoted should indicate, Franklin's blind revolt against the prevailing method creates a serious problem with language. In his efforts to defy the sterile neutrality of academic jargon, he yields to another kind of jargon, ignoring the lesson provided by his own texts—that our aim should be to "move toward approval of concrete, realistic detail and away from emotional adjectives."

His blinkered view also tends to produce highly idiosyncratic readings. Nathaniel Hawthorne, for example, becomes an evil demon of American literature because of his outspoken anti-abolitionist beliefs, and Franklin grudges Hawthorne every ounce of attention the literary academy has paid him. This leads him to evaluations such as "one of the most popular and prolific American authors, Julian Hawthorne, who published close to forty books of fiction, essays, and biography, far more than his father Nathaniel"—as if pure numerical evidence should force us to reconsider Hawthorne's status in relation to his son. Another example of Franklin's onesidedness occurs in his analysis of Melville. Having recanted on his previous interpretation of *Moby Dick*, Franklin now feels he has got hold of the only valid viewpoint on Melville (an absolutism that ill becomes a man who has already changed his mind once). Thus he insists that to debate the morality of Captain Vere's decision in *Billy Budd* is to miss the whole point of the story, since obviously "Vere stands for all Melville found most detestable, inhuman, and menacing", in other words, Franklin wants to identify the Captain's name totally with the word "veer" and leave out the connotations of "verity." Such single-minded interpretation does severe disservice to an author who subtitled one of his novels "The Ambiguities."

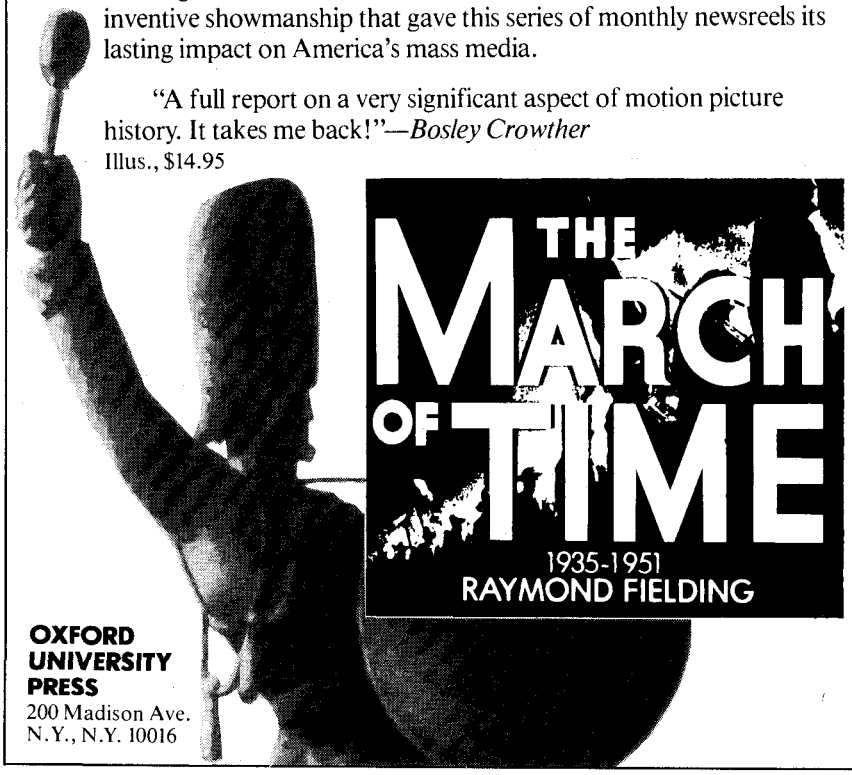
Yet this same quality of idiosyncratic reading is what makes *The Victim As Criminal and Artist* such a good book in places. Franklin's driving interest leads him to make connections that a more removed observer would never see, such as the primary association between slave literature of the past and modern prison writing, a connection which lends significant continuity to Afro-American literature. Other links, less major but still striking, are those Franklin makes between the romance genre and the slave narrative, between the picaresque novel and the prison novel, between Frederick Douglass's equation of manhood and physical rebellion in his autobiography and Melville's use of the same image in *White-Jacket*, and between the black "Handsome Sailor" described at the beginning of *Billy Budd* and Billy himself.

Another idiosyncratic habit that occasionally serves Franklin well is his dependence on biographical evidence.

"A bravura chronicle... lovingly attentive to fact and fakery."
—*Erik Barnouw*

Fielding examines the controversial blend of aggressive journalism and inventive showmanship that gave this series of monthly newsreels its lasting impact on America's mass media.

"A full report on a very significant aspect of motion picture history. It takes me back!"—*Bosley Crowther*
Illus., $14.95



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Ave.
N.Y., N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This technique seems less than convincing when it causes him to merge author and narrator completely, as when he describes Melville as "speaking with the thinnest of disguises through his persona Ishmael" or defends Malcolm Braly's contrived happy endings by suggesting that they represent "the turning point that was actually being reached, in the very act of writing that fiction, in Braly's life." But when he analyzes the novels of Chester Himes, Franklin's use of biographical material enables him to make extremely telling connections between Himes's early prison writings and his later detective fiction. As a result, the section on Himes is probably the strongest piece of "literary criticism," as such, that is to be found in the entire book.

But to treat this book as a standard work of literary criticism is to ignore what is best about it. Franklin is not the lapidary who cuts the gems; he's the miner who digs them up in the first place. If *The Victim As Criminal and Artist* consists largely of plot summaries and quotations, that is because its aim is to expose its readers to an extensive body of valuable literature that has hitherto been ignored.

And I, for one, am extremely grateful to Franklin for introducing me to such powerful writers as Frederick Douglass, Linda Brent, Malcolm Braly, Chester Himes, T.J. Reddy, and William Wantling. Perhaps, if we are lucky, this book will exert an influence sufficient to make their work readily available.

Wendy Lesser

Wendy Lesser is a freelance reviewer in San Francisco.

My Sister's Hand in Mine by Jane Bowles

(Ecco Press; $6.95)

It is difficult to imagine—especially in these days of celebrity-authors—a writer who would actually *prefer* a limited readership, but then Jane Bowles is not like other writers. She is original to the point of being unnerving, and it seems entirely possible that she wrote as much with the intention to exclude as to include. She is fated to remain a specialized taste because hers goes beyond a mere idiosyncracy of style, an identifiable semantic tic like Donald Barthelme's or William Gass's. One is tempted to make comparisons—to Ivy Compton-Burnett for the entrenched habit of irony, to Carson McCullers for the use of the grotesque—but they don't really hold up: she is both more human than the former and less sentimental than the latter. Bowles's voice is an uncompromisingly independent one and it bespeaks a vision of life so unflinching as to challenge most of our assumptions.

To read *My Sister's Hand in Mine* is to submit to a demanding presence. Jane Bowles is one of those writers who can truly be said to inhabit a country of her own making. Although the specific geographical location might change, the emotional terrain is characteristically depleted, and one comes away with an unsettling image of projected solitude: ". . . they descended abruptly to the muddy regions near the sea. The stone houses were completely colorless in the hot sun. All the windows were heavily grilled; there was very little sign of life anywhere." Into this airless, hostile atmosphere Bowles suspends her odd, touching characters—who effect hesitant connections with other odd, touching characters but whose deepest engagement, one suspects, is with the condition of their intractable and bewildering apartness. Bowles writes about people who haven't grown the armature of adults (this is also why her children and adult characters are interchangeable), who appear never to have fully recovered from the shock of emergence from the womb: "Such an awful, dreadful, mean thing to be alone in the world even for a minute." The men and women in her fiction are still suffering the pangs of separation-anxiety, still dangling on the other end of a metaphysical umbilical cord: "Even though I am 39 years old I still am hoping very seriously that I will be able to make a definite break with my family," declares one character of his Kafkaesque dilemma. Bowles's interest is fixed upon extreme instances of the human predicament; her people live in "terrible cocoons," consumed by a Beckett-like desire for stasis: "I *want* to be able to stay here. Right here where I am, and never, never leave this garden."

Bowles's fictional world makes few concessions to our easier notions about human arrangements: "I don't like long-standing relationships," says a woman in the story "Going to Massachusetts"; "they disagree with me. I get the blues." One would be hard-pressed to find a directly ascertainable emotion anywhere in this collection. The prevailing mood is of raging conflict; diametrically-opposed propositions are speculated upon in one and the same breath: "'How amusing,' said Mrs. Copperfield, 'or perhaps it was depressing.'" People talk in strangely illuminating non sequiturs—"I almost never feel like eating. Even though I do live in a small town"—and some of them speak with the *faux-naif* wisdom that is the special province of genuine eccentrics: "'I'm too much like everybody else to be crazy,' she announced with pride. 'At a picture show, I feel like the norm.'"

My Sister's Hand in Mine includes a novel, a play, and a group of stories. *Two Serious Ladies* is a startling novel about a latter-day saint, Christina Goering: "I don't like sports," she confides, "more than anything else, they give me a terrific feeling of sinning." Miss Goering is possessed of the peculiar, steely insight that one would expect of saints—"Just remember, that a revolution won is an adult who must kill his childhood once and for all." The novel is also about Mrs. Copperfield, who would qualify as a saint if she weren't so afraid of where it might lead her: "The world and the people in it had suddenly slipped beyond her comprehension and she felt in great danger of losing the whole world once and for all. . . ." Both the ladies are "serious" in the sense that they look for intangibles—happiness, salvation, identity—as though such abstractions were brightly-wrapped gifts hidden in various corners of their lives. "She stood on the street and waited to be overcome with joy and relief." Bowles had a delightfully tart wit—"She was very pretty—from a sculptural point of view"—that dilutes the profound sadness that seeps through her writing and gives an extra toughness to the poignancy of her outlook.

The play, *In the Summer House,* is perhaps the least satisfactory offering in the collection. It is self-consciously *sui generis*—its weirdness has been labored at—and after awhile, the inscrutable can begin to be as tiresome as the familiar. Although the play has many intriguing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moments, it doesn't hint at a doomed, universal pattern beyond the bizarre one it traces; it lacks the whiffs of normality that blow through the other pieces.

The stories, on the other hand, are wonderful. They suit Bowles's quixotic style exactly, and are evocative in their very impenetrability. "Plain Pleasures" is a delicate tale about a confirmed believer in the prosaic who is jolted into a sublime tenderness; "Everything Is Nice" is a haunting story whose tight-lipped tone belies its lyricism. Fat Moslem women in black dresses sprawl in low-ceilinged rooms, treating a young American visitor with sinister graciousness. The story ends on a different key than the one in which it has been told, and the disparity serves to heighten its perception of a link so fragile as to be nearly not there: "And she remembered how once she had reached out to touch the face of a clown becuase it had awakened some longing. It had happened at a little circus, but not when she was a child."

Jane Bowles is a capricious weaver of spells; her stories often end as though they were about to begin again somewhere else—now you see the magic, now you don't. Perhaps that is because her fiction is conceived at such a rarified altitude; her characters are living in domesticated penal colonies—"You see, I have dubbed us all inmates," one of them says—and have, therefore only the most essential things to say to each other: "Life is tragic," remarks Gertrude in *In the Summer House*. "I don't want tragic," is the reply. It is precisely on account of their resistance to such unpleasant adjustments of maturity that the people in *My Sister's Hand in Mine* are frequently mired in primal, parent-child or sibling relationships—having failed to graps the limits of being stuck inside their own skins. "Camp Cataract"is a powerful story about two sisters and their belated discovery of this most basic fact of physical estrangement; one sister it liberates, the other it destroys.

There is a persistent mystery at the heart of Jane Bowles's fiction. What is amazing, finally, is that fiction so intentionally whimsical, even perverse, should reverberate the way Bowles's does, igniting sparks of recognition on every page.

Daphne Merkin

Daphne Merkin is a New York writer whose reviews have appeared in *Commentary*.

Ethnic Chauvinism: The Reactionary Impulse by Orlando Patterson

(Stein and Day; $15)

A number of prominent sociologists and neo-conservative intellectuals have begun to sanction ethnic identification, finding in it both a primordial source of human loyalty and a means of establishing diversity and community in an industrial society. *Ethnic Chauvinism: The Reactionary Impulse* is a sustained, often passionate assault not only on ethnocentrism, as the title misleadingly suggests, but on the principle of ethnicity itself. In the face of growing demands for ethnic community, Orlando Patterson argues for a commitment to democratic universalism as the only possible means of arresting continued divisiveness within the human species.

Patterson, a Harvard sociologist, attempts, with varying success, to explore both the socio-historical and intellectual roots of ethnic consciousness. He draws on a variety of sources to discover the roots of ethnocentric tribalism in antiquity and the bases of particularism in Western thought. In Patterson's view, "particularism", in either its intellectual or social manifestations, constitutes the greatest threat to the attainment of a universal culture based on an acceptance of human equality and a commitment to individual freedom.

Viewed from this perspective, the elitism of Plato and the exclusiveness of Judaism conflict with the universalism of Stoicism and pristine Christianity. Greek ethnocentrism, originating in tribalism, contrasts with the universalism of the mature Roman Empire. Enlightenment thinkers rescued universalism from Augustinian particularism, but during the 19th century Hebraism and Platonism converged in Romanticism to produce Hitler in the 20th century. I find this a highly idiosyncratic rendering of the Western intellectual tradition. The search for the intellectual origins of Modernity too often results in the use of complex ideas as polemical conveniences. Hebraism, in its yearning for social justice, and Platonism, in its celebration of human reason, can both be interpreted as sources of universalism found within Western culture.

Patterson is especially concerned with denying a "primordial and intense" quality to ethnic consciousness. In an excellent chapter on Chinese immigrants in Jamaica and Guyana, he shows that economic opportunities determined the development of ethnic consciousness among Chinese in the Caribbean. In Jamaica Chinese immigrants developed a self-conscious ethnic identity when it became a means to coordinate their efforts to dominate the wholesale grocery trade. Their fellow countrymen in Guyana, lacking any compelling economic motive, failed to develop a strong sense of ethnicity. Economic motives, argues Patterson, will in the long run take precedence over any striving for ethnic solidarity. Ethnic consciousness is only one of a number of choices presented by a given set of social circumstances.

During the Modern period nationalism and ethnicity have been intimately allied. Patterson thinks it a great misfortune that the continental European nation-state, combining state power with a common ethnic culture, should have been the model of development for Third World countries, many of which have no dominant ethnic base. He professes mystification at the self-defeating attempts of Third World leaders to create unity out of ethnic chaos. How, he asks, can an area consisting of many ethnic groups be unified on the basis of ethnicity? The very attempts to enforce the dominance of one group generate the opposition of other groups. Patterson accuses the native bourgeoisie of exploiting ethnicity to appropriate the power abandoned by their colonial masters. He might also have mentioned the desire of Third World leaders to modernize their countries on Western lines. Whatever its shortcomings, the nation-state is associated with the triumphs of industrialism.

In a chapter dealing with the ethnic revival in the United States, Patterson criticizes the tendency of intellectuals,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

especially liberal intellectuals, to glorify the search for ethnic identity among minority groups. Writing from the perspective of a black intellectual, he derides the glorification of "soul" and ghetto life-styles at the expense of a serious effort to grapple with the economic causes of racial oppression. It is Patterson's opinion that too many black and Jewish intellectuals have sacrificed their integrity to convenience in their willingness to accept the myth of ethnic uniqueness.

Another group of intellectuals in this country has recently embraced the ideal of ethnic pluralism as a means of preventing the industrial monolith from creating a deadening uniformity. Patterson thinks that a commitment to ethnic pluralism and the ethical relativism underlying it perpetuates inequality and will ultimately result in a breakdown of communication. He advocates the creation of voluntary communities based on personal affinities and shared goals. Such groupings would reconcile the freedom of the individual with the need for community. Self-conscious ethnic communities only repress true individuality by glorifying collective identity.

Patterson's objections to Third World nationalism are much more convincing than his strictures on ethnic consciousness in the United States. Antagonism between black and white is a recurring danger in American society, but it would appear that the resurgence of ethnic awareness in the early 1970s has already begun to abate. America has evolved into a consumer oriented, media saturated common culture. Religion has a much stronger hold than ethnicity on the loyalties of contemporary identity-seekers. Patterson admits that ethnic chauvinism is already coming under attack in the black community.

In his conclusion Patterson becomes mystical-prophetic in comparing the situation of contemporary mankind to the dilemma of the exiled Jews, seeking their identity in the desert. Faith created a sense of collective mission for the Jews, but contemporary man, argues Patterson, lacks the religious inspiration to sustain a commitment to ethnicity. Not sharing Patterson's exaltation, I am much less confident that religious zeal is waning or that ethnic identity requires religious faith. Our century stands witness to the destructive power of secular messianism.

This is an unusual and engaging book. An academic intellectual rarely risks his reputation by using his expertise in the service of a social ideal. Patterson holds a view of human nature posited on the essential unity of mankind, and he gives no quarter to those who would ground social diversity in the principle of ethnicity. For him the individual can be seen as an adequate source of diversity in an open society.

While disagreeing at times with Patterson's conclusions, I respect the attempt to join scholarship to social commitment. Ethnic chauvinism is not likely to be defeated by argument, even inspired argument; it is too powerful a force in the life of our time. This book is really addressed to the responsible intellectual elements in this country who have recently discovered the virtues of ethnicity. It should remind them that disillusionment with the immediate past or the search for an ideal present do not require foraging in history's debris.

Dennis A. Williams

Dennis A. Williams teaches history in Washington, DC.

Work Without Salvation
by James B. Gilbert

(Johns Hopkins University Press; $14)

Historians are toiling at the history of work with ardor and a sense of urgency. The subject itself is of course not a new one. But 15 years ago historians, sociologists and moralists often wrote about work as though its history had come to an end: the history of work and of attitudes toward it seemed important, but principally as an *envoi* to a future in which we would all have too much time on our hands.

We now suspect, however, that work will be our lot for some time to come. Even if we manage to restrict work's realm to far fewer hours each week or to alter the patterns of labor time and leisure time, work itself will continue not merely to determine how we live but also to limit what we are able to make of ourselves and of our lives. Consequently, for those of us who feel that how we work is the result of a long but not irreversible process of class-domination, indoctrination and manipulation, the recovery of work's history is a potentially liberating endeavor.

Anyone who sets out to study the history of the idea of work at once finds that those theories of work most accessible to the historian are, as Kenneth Minogue has put it, usually "cultivated by the intelligentsia" but actually concern "genuine sons of toil." This, he claims, is one of "the hidden angles" of the problem of work.

In fact the angle is not particularly well-hidden, nor are the problems it presents intractable—providing we are able to distinguish between theories of work which are rooted in experience—whether they are lived or are instead intently observed—and those theories which are not.

Work Without Salvation is a disappointing book because James B. Gilbert fails to make this distinction early enough or persistently enough. Instead he faithfully delivers what his academic subtitle threatens: a solemn, relentless and bland survey of the opinions held by "American Intellectuals" on "Industrial Alienation, 1880-1910."

The results are depressing, not because Gilbert's "important group of academics and social commentators," his "social observers, statistics-takers and reformers" and "educational and sociological thinkers" were not workers, but rather because most of the men and women whose theories are exhumed and laid out were clearly intellectuals—and in many of the most pejorative senses which that ugly word has deservedly acquired.

Of the lot only Veblen, Dewey and William James can be said to merit the kind of attention reserved for thinkers from whom we can still learn. Virtually all of the others were remote from the experience of actual labor, from the working men and women whose lives they wished to shape and control and, one often fears, from life itself. Above all, these "observers" and "commentators" were important critics of the social and psychological costs of the division of labor and factory work under industrial capitalism because it occurred to none of them to question either capitalism itself or the capitalist's hegemony over the very shape of work.

This is of course to be expected of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frankly manipulative ideologies of "scientific management" and psychological testing. The theorists of these movements accepted—for others—the degradation of work. The factory, the assembly line and stultifying office work were simply the result of an autonomous technical process with an irresistible logic of development. It was mere sentimentality, they asserted, to lament the fact that modern industrial work provided no opportunity for the worker to realize himself and fit himself for life in a human society.

Their solution to the obsolescence of the American work ethic was wonderfully simple and good for business. Since "work in itself," Gilbert writes, "did not necessarily lead to general satisfaction or ethical fulfillment," happiness had to be redefined "in terms of the most efficient use of energy and talent." The social and moral aspects of labor were therefore to be viewed as a kind of "capital to be invested in hopes of greater output, rather than as rewards accruing to the worker."

In the face of such a compound of deceit and self-deception masquerading as science, one recalls almost fondly the brutal candor of Burke's prescription for educating the working classes: "They must respect that property of which they cannot partake. They must labor to obtain what by labor can be obtained; and when they find, as they commonly do, the success disproportioned to the endeavour, they must be taught their consolation in the final proportions of eternal justice."

The response of those intellectuals who were not reconciled to the loss of artisanal forms of work is even more disheartening. At the least, the leaders of the Arts and Crafts movement in this country were closer to labor. Their experience, their sensibilities and the lesson of William Morris's life might have led them to a truly critical understanding of what had gone wrong with work. Despite these advantages, however, they rejected a radical re-ordering of the social structure and so condemned themselves and their movement to that which Morris himself had learned it must be in a capitalist society: a cultural epiphenomenon of no constructive social significance. (Morris had called it "catering to the swinish luxury of the rich" during one of his raging rebellions against the contradiction in which he found himself as the head of an extremely expensive firm of interior decorators.)

In the end it seems that the angle of the problem of work which was really hidden to Gilbert's intellectuals (and too often to Gilbert himself) is the fact that "industrialism" is in itself not a society. Factories, assembly lines and even the division of labor into mind-numbing, detailed tasks are phenomena which arose and developed in specific societies in which certain men owned and controlled the means of production. And this control, as some historians now contend, is not merely control of the surplus but of how the work is done.

The problem of separating those aspects of modern labor which are truly imposed on us by the natural world and those which are contrived to suit the possessing classes is enormously difficult. Neither the author of this book nor his subjects seem to have been aware of its existence.

Richard Bienvenu

Richard Bienvenu teaches history at the University of Missouri, Columbia.

Reconsideration

Sterling A. Brown

Southern Road
(1932, reissued by Beacon Press, 1974)

Negro Poetry and Drama
(1937, reissued by Argosy, 1969)

The Negro in American Fiction
(1937, reissued by Argosy, 1969)

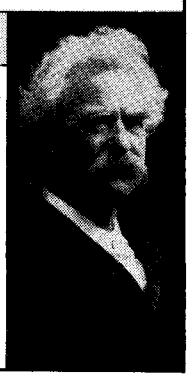
The Negro Caravan
(1941, reissued by Arno Press, 1970)

The Last Ride of Wild Bill and Eleven Narrative Poems
(1975, Broadside Press)

In 1901 Sterling A. Brown was born into a situation of great promise. "I was born," Brown likes to say, "on the Howard campus," in a house later purchased by the University. Howard, where his father taught at the School of Religion, was a center (if not *the* center) of the black intellectual world. As a boy Brown would see Kelly Miller, Montgomery Gregory, and the young Alain Locke. The year Rev. Brown died, 1929, his son Sterling came to Howard where his colleagues included Abram Harris, Ralph Bunche, E. Franklin Frazier, Leo Hansberry and Charles Drew.

As a boy, Brown also came into contact with great scholars and artists who attended his father's church. At Lincoln Temple, Brown heard talks by W.E.B. DuBois, whom Rev. and Mrs. Brown had known at Fisk University, and by Booker T. Washington, and concerts by Roland Hayes. From the pulpit the elder Brown would speak of Frederick Douglass, whom he had known. At the church, also, Sterling A. Brown knew the families of Jean Toomer, and of the musician, James Reese Europe.

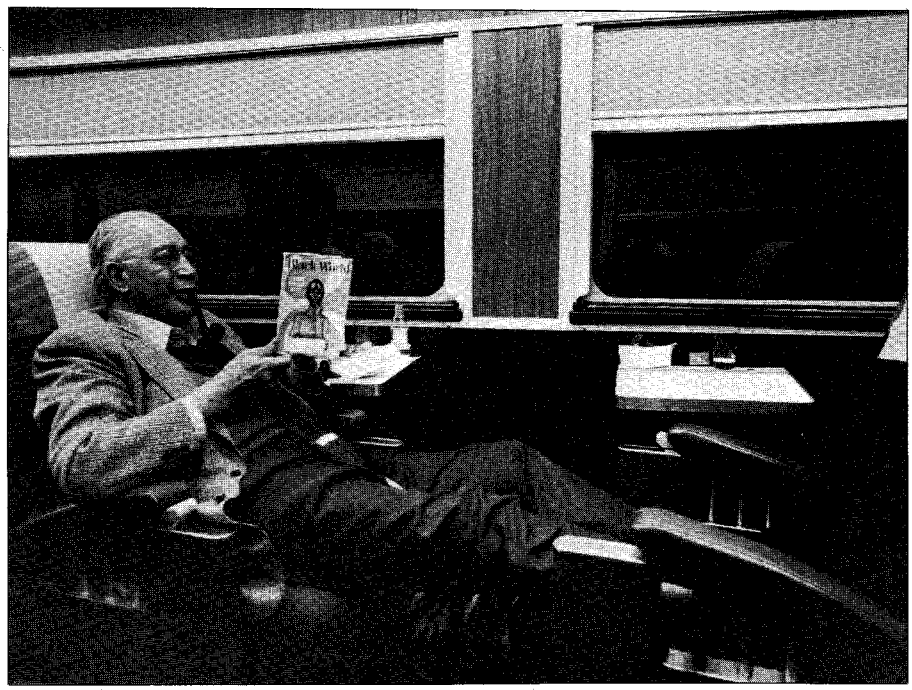
Brown's mother (to whom *Southern Road* is dedicated) encouraged her son's early fascination with poetry. He remembers that she was a moving reader of poems by Longfellow, Burns, and by the family's neighbor and friend, Paul Laurence Dunbar, who had died when Sterling was five years old. The high school he attended was named after Dunbar. On Dunbar's faculty were the poets Angelina Grimke and Jessie Fausset, as well as Haley Douglass, a grandson of Frederick Douglass. The

MARK TWAIN
in the movies
A Meditation with Pictures
by John Seelye

A wealth of photos (many never before published) allows us a very candid and often moving glimpse of Mark Twain enjoying one of his favorite preoccupations—posing for snapshots.
189 illus.
$12.95
VIKING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principal was E. C. Williams, the son-in-law of the fiction writer Charles Chesnutt.

At Williams College, where he had gone to major in mathematics or physics, Brown began writing poetry, imitating the English Romantics and Victorians. He recalls that one fall day at Harvard, where he received his master's degree, he was sitting on a bench in Boston Common, reading Louis Untermeyer's anthologies of modern British and American poetry. What struck him most was the work of the English poets Thomas Hardy and A.E. Housman, and the Americans Whitman, Edward Arlington Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters—and especially Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg. Impressive to the young man were these poets' portraits of tragically burdened men and women, and their attempts to render in poetry the people's terse, elliptical speech. He tended to dislike the "puzzle poetry" of Pound and Eliot. Rather he agreed with Milton that good poetry should be "simple, sensuous, and impassioned." These writers, and later the black writers James Weldon Johnson, Jean Toomer, and Langston Hughes, were a direct influence on Brown's poetry.



Sterling Brown (1974) by Roy Lewis

Before coming to Howard, Brown taught at colleges in Lynchburg, Virginia, St. Louis, Missouri, and Nashville, Tennessee. As a teacher Brown became known as a "red ink man," one who would return students' papers covered with a blur of red comments. But he recalls that he learned as much about language from his students as they learned from him. He was fascinated by the talk and the songs of his students and their parents; they were intrigued by this lanky, athletic professor who took seriously the local lore. The students brought to class local champion singers and talkers, including Calvin "Big Boy" Davis, the ex-coal miner about whom "Odyssey of Big Boy" and "Long Gone" were written, and Luke Johnson, whom Brown paid a quarter for every song he would write down. Another brought Brown the first blues records he had ever heard.

Thus Brown began his collection of black folk songs and sayings. He realized that worksongs, ballads, blues, and spirituals were, at their best, poetical expressions of Afro-American life. And he became increasingly aware of black language as often ironic, understated and double-edged. Obviously, more than pathos and humor was expressed in the stinging couplet from the spirituals: "I don't know what my mother wants to stay here fuh,/This ole worl' ain't been no friend to huh." Where in American writing about Afro-American life was this compressed, direct eloquence being equalled? And no one seemed to be writing about the man who might sing these blues lines: "I hear my woman calling some other man's name,/I know she don't want me, but I answers jus' de same." Early on, Brown knew that he would try to render black experience as he knew it, using the speech of the people. He would not, because of white stereotyping, avoid phonetical spellings (although as the years passed, these "dialect" spellings seemed less and less necessary). His goal was not to run from the stereotype, but to celebrate th human complexity behind the now grin ning, now teary-eyed mask.

Brown's poetry comprises a portrai gallery of Afro-Americans. The fev whites who appear are seen in relatio to their darker brethren. For the black there are certain joys and satisfactions There is laughter—not just the grin "laughing to keep from crying"—bu belly laughter which may have nothin to do with social ills and frustrations But in Brown's poetry the scene fron which comedy or tragedy must b squeezed is an absurd and gloomy one In the "Onrestless River" section o *Southern Road*, the river is treacherous domineering and decimating. In rugge language bearing Sandburg's influence Brown writes that the landowners in th valley are subject to "foreclosure" by th senile, intoxicated river god:

Father Missouri, in his dotage
Whimsical and drunkenly turbulent,
Cuts away the banks, steals away the loam,
Washes the ground from under wire fences,
Leaves fenceposts grotesquely dangling
in air . . .
. . . cows knee deep in yellow water . . .

The "southern road" is controlled by white owners and overlords, whose ruthlessness and violence seem as irresistible as a Mississippi flood. Depicting blacks forced as slaves and then as sharecroppers to work the land, Brown allows no sentimentalism in these lines about picking cotton: "Ole King Cotton,/Ole King Cotton,/Keeps us Slavin'/Till we'se dead an' rotten." The poet reports that he has talked about white owners to Old Lem, and Old Lem said,

They weigh the cotton
They store the corn
We only good enough
To work the rows . . .
They got the shotguns
They got the rope
We git the justice
In the end
And they come by tens.

The "northern road" is little better. Here white and black dreamers parade as if in a "milk and honey" land, and prostitutes walk "tragical" through the streets. As for the infamous "jazz age" cabarets, Brown sees the scene as a decadent, exploitative one in which "Rich, flashy, puffy-faced . . . overlords sprawl with their glittering darlings." Small wonder that once up north, like many a bluesman the poet cries:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'm goin' where the Southern crosses
top de C. & O . . .
I'm goin' down de country cause I
cain't stay here no mo' . . .

I'm got de tin roof blues, got dese
sidewalks on my mind,
De tin roof blues, dese lonesome
sidewalks on my mind,
I'm goin' where de shingles covers
people mo' my kind.

Perhaps Brown's greatest strength lies not in his grim surveying of the American scene, but in his portraits of the people who persevere in spite of everything. The woman sketched in "Virginia Portrait" is one of Brown's several wise elders. Her life has been no crystal stair, but in her winter years, she puffs on a "jagged, slow-burning pipe," remaining undefeated; serene, "hardy as perennials about her door." She has her memories of her man and of their children's "shrewd, sane raising." Queenly in her declining years, "She keeps a wonted, quiet nonchalance,/A courtly dignity of speech and carriage,/Unlooked for in these distant, rural ways."

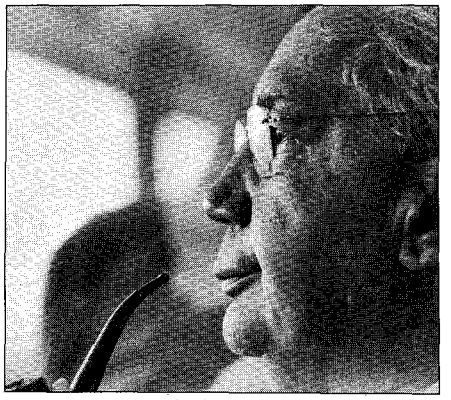
Other Brown heroes also turn inward for satisfaction. In "Scotty Has His Say" the *persona* warns whites (from the big gate) not to work his "brown" too hard; while to them she may be cheap labor, to him, she's his *lady*. The two of them are Charleston "champeens at de St. Luke's Hall." Significantly, Scotty tells the whites that as for his and his lady's dancing (their spectacular courtship), "Yo' cookin' an' washin'/Jes' ain't in it, not at all." Likewise, Luke Johnson "ruminates" on the fact that Mandy Jane carries an empty basket to the "big house" where she works, but the basket is full when she creeps home at dusk. Her theft is not mere revenge; it is masking, suggestive of a rich, dancing, *well-fed* life behind the face shown to the white employers. "Yo' cookin' . . . /Jes' ain't in it, not at all."

Another solution to the wretchedness of the southern (and the northern) road is that of the bluesman. Realizing that the world is turbulent, danger-filled, disheartening, he does the best he can. In "Odyssey of Big Boy," the poet sings a blues about the hard work Big Boy has known, and the trouble. But he has known women at several stops along the railroad line, and he has developed a tough philosophy which he states in language echoing the blues song, "Going Down Slow." Big Boy says,

Done took my livin' as it came,
Done grabbed my joy, done risked my life;
Train done caught me on the trestle,
Man done caught me wid his wife . . .

I done had my women,
I done had my fun;
Cain't do much complainin'
When my jag is done,
Lawd, Lawd, my jag is done.

Other characters fight off the orneriness of their plight with sheer



Sterling Brown (1974) by Roy Lewis

style. Like certain folkloric characters with fabulous flash and swagger, "Sporting Beasley" with his top hat, carnation, form-fitting coat, vest, morning trousers, spats, and cane—Beasley struts past "the drab barnfowl of the world." In "Puttin' on Dog," Scrappy, Beasley's stylish and tough country cousin, wears "a brandnew silk shirt pink as a sunset,/With a pair of suspenders blue as the sky,/With bulldog brogans red as a clay road." The women stopped crying at Scrappy's funeral when they saw that he was "a-puttin' on dog in a pinewood box." The stylish Annie Mae Johnson is so alluring that the poet confesses that the "last time I saw Annie on the avenue,/She held up traffic for an hour or two." As she crossed at the corner, the traffic light stuck, "nearly popped the glass," and then just palpitated for several days. Just for a glance at Annie, a coal truck driver turned his head, and he ran down an old man. But, catching a last peep at Annie, the old gentleman was satisfied that his "state is blessed."

More like Zora Neale Hurston, in this respect, than like writers of the usual proletarian fare, Brown has a long, broad streak of humor running through his work. In "Slim Greer," Slim, who is darkskinned as "a dark midnight" passes for white until his white girlfriend, hearing him play the piano, suspects him and shouts "Nigger!" and he says, "Ma'm?" Out of ready cash in "Slim Hears the Call," he decides to become a clergyman: "Gonna be me a bishop," he declares, "That ain't no lie,/Get my cake down here,/An' my pie in the sky." In "Slim in Hell" St. Peter sends Slim to investigate Hell, but he ends up in "Dixie." Before ordering Slim back to earth, Peter tells our man: "You must/Be crazy, I vow/Where'n hell dja think Hell *was*/Anyhow?"

For Brown, folklore serves the function classically attributed to literature; it is functional, instructive, saving. In "Strong Men," which the critic Arthur P. Davis has termed a "symphonic poem," a catalogue of social wrongs is tersely presented. Blacks survived slavery, segregation, and prejudice by clinging to the hopeful, rugged values expressed in the songs of their fathers. In the face of white oppression,

You sang:
Keep a-inchin' along
Lak a po' inch worm . . .
You sang:
Bye and bye
I'm gonna lay down dis heaby load . . .
You sang:
Walk togedder chillen,
Dontcha git weary . . .

And then comes the line from Sandburg which gives Brown's poem its title: "The strong men keep a-comin' on/The strong men git stronger."

news analysis

Twice-Monthly Newsletter on current world affairs.

Authoritative background, interpretation, comments, on today's national and international political, social, economic trends.

Clear Concise In-Depth

By the Dean of America's Radio-TV News Analysts

WILLIAM WINTER

A MUST to supplement your favorite news periodicals

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY TODAY

William Winter Comments
9350 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, CA 90212

Name

Address

City State Zip

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brown generally concludes his poetry readings on the thunderous *basso* notes, "The strong men . . . coming on./The strong men gittin' stronger./Strong men . . . Stronger. . . ." But another note, one of tragedy and disillusionment, also reverberates through the work of Brown. The "Children's Children," those twice removed from the inferno of slavery laugh at these saving folk songs, these "Diamonds of song, deep buried beneath the weight/ Of dark and heavy years." The babbling young ones have never known the trouble seen by their forebears,

And might, on hearing these memories of their sires,
Giggle,
And nudge each other's satin clad
Sleek sides.

The wretched irony is that the discipline and misery which gave birth to John Henry and Slim have given way to an easier, and less heroic time. With the long prayed-for change, the "quiet voice of beauty" symbolized by Sister Lou and others, has yielded to the "sensuous stridency" of ignorant youth. Brown's poetic vision is riotously funny, hopeful, meditative—and ultimately dubious, tragical.

Robert G. O'Meally

Robert G. O'Meally teaches English at Howard University.

The Back of the Book

I Re-write the Songs

Slowly and stealthily over the past few years, weasely advertisers have been buying up great old songs, and altering the lyrics to suit their depraved purposes. A nice little ditty like "Ain't She Sweet" has been ravished by the Canada Dry company, and now comes out: "It's Not Too Sweet"—a testimonial for ginger ale. "Hello Dolly" is "Hello Hardee's." Local residents who used to be stirred by the lyrics of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" now hear this:

Everybody shops at Marlo's.
The new warehouse showroom store.
Four million cubic feet of furniture,
Accessories, and so much more.

The consequence of this practice, of course, is that our children will grow up never knowing the proper lyrics to anything. They'll remember the tunes, all right, because the tunes remain intact. There may even be a kind of dual subliminal effect on them; they'll hear "Yankee Doodle Dandy"; feel patriotic; yet rush out and buy an ottoman. Fear not. I think I have the solution.

The reason old songs are so easily grabbed up by advertising pirates is because they're vulnerable. Ad companies approach song writers or their heirs and tell them: your songs are obsolete; let us refurbish them with brand new lyrics, and they'll live forever. A clever ploy, and it works. But why do these songs have to be refurbished solely for commercials? If the key to their salvation is "relevance," why not simply update the lyrics to fit the times?

For example: no song was more topical in its day than Cole Porter's "You're the Top" from *Anything Goes*. As is, the first refrain reads as follows:

You're the top!
You're the Colosseum.
You're the top!
You're the Louvr' Museum.
You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss.
You're a Bendel bonnet,
A Shakespeare sonnet,
You're Mickey Mouse.

The references here are not exactly archaic, but neither are they up to date. A few strokes of the pen, however, and Porter's song is fit for presentation on the *Tonight Show*:

You're the top!
You're the Cap'tal Centre.
You're the top!
You're a Flynt repenter.
You're a melody from a med-uh-lee by Cher,
You're a brown umbrella,
A Jong novella,
You're Yogi Bear.

Similarly, the fifth refrain now reads:

You're the top!
You're a Waldorf salad.
You're the top!
You're a Berlin ballad.
You're a baby grand of a lady and a gent,
You're an old Dutch master,
You're Mrs. Astor,
You're Pepsodent.

Very nice in its day; but if the song is going to survive in the present, it has to be tuned up:

You're the top!
A Ramada salad.
You're the top!
A Paul Williams ballad.
You're the high finance that Mr. Lance finessed,
You're TM classes,
You're Mrs. Onassis,
A tube of Crest.

In another refrain, where Porter refers to "Mahatma Gandhi," all we need to do is replace Mahatma with Indira, then reverse the names. Then we can replace "Napoleon brandy" with "Billy Beer," resulting in the rhyming of Indira and Beera—a stretch, of course, but worth it.

Purists are bound to act sore about these changes, but they'll get over it. If they complain that we're replacing monuments of American culture with current junk, we can remind them that truth is relative. Even purists will acknowledge that the following quatrain will have to go:

You're the nimble tread of the feet of Fred Astaire,
You're an O'Neill drama,
You're Whistler's mama,
You're Camembert.

But nothing is lost in this revision:

You're the cummerbund on the waist of John Travolt',
You're The Exorcist's *Blatty,*
Jamie Wyeth's daddy,
You're Charles Kuralt.

Gershwin's songs are more easily accommodated than Porter's, because the references are less complicated. "Slap

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER
Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Bass" can easily become "Slap that Synthesizer." "A Foggy Day" can be changed to include the air quality index. "They Can't Take That Away From Me" can now begin:

The way you wear your leisure suit,
The way you sip your Tab.

In the songs of Rodgers and Hart, "Poor Johnny One Note" can become "Poor Johnny's Learning Problem." And so forth.

This re-writing gets trickier when it comes to modernizing old phrases and figures of speech. The terms for love and love-making, for example, must be replaced by their contemporary equivalents, as in "Meaningful Relationships for Sale," or "Mind If I Get It On With You?" Expressions of approval must be adjusted. "You're Sensational" from *High Society* becomes "You're Baad"; "Thou Swell," becomes "Thou Baad," etc. New terminology can also be used in the torch song "I Got it Good and that Ain't Baad," and in the ballad "Love Jogged Right in and Ripped Off the Shadows."

Social changes come into play as well. No one is named Mary anymore, so "It was Mary" becomes "It was Tracy" (or Kimberly). No one smokes anymore, so the cigarettes which used to bear lipstick traces will have to be replaced by things like yogurt cups. We will also have to allow for some subtle shifts of idiom, as in the song: "Where Are You Coming From, Little One, Little One?" New sensitivities will be taken into account in such numbers as: "Native American Love Call," "Ms. Otis Regrets," and "The Person is a Single."

Naturally, these changes can't be made overnight. But the point is they can be worked out eventually. And once they are, not only will we have preserved the great songs of yesterday but our great present culture as well. Picture it: Frank Sinatra, Jr., "young blue eyes," sidles up to the mike and croons:

It's a quarter to three
There's no one in Studio 54 except
Liza Minnelli, Truman Capote, Caroline Kennedy, Joe Namath, Bianca Jagger, Margaret Trudeau, Halston, Andy Warhol, Neil and Leba Sedaka, Warren Beatty, Oscar de la Renta, Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Peter Duchin, Sylvester Stallone, Margaux Hemingway, Barbara Walters, Norman Mailer, Rex Reed, Yasmin Khan, Ilie Nastase, Prince Egon von Furstenburg, Marion Javits,
and me.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence, *from page 7*

and a half years as a Jesuit novitiate. . . ."

Before we begin mining it may be useful to clear the ground a bit. A "novitiate" is either a place ("The novitiate was at Lost Gatos"), or a condition ("The novitiate lasted for two years"), but not a person. Thus it is incorrect to say Brown was a "Jesuit novitiate," unless, of course, one intends to attribute Bourbon pretensions to Brown ("The novitiate, c'est moi").

And I'm not so certain that the actual mining of that background will prove to be very illuminating. Graduates of Jesuit prep schools may indeed have something in common. But at the moment I am hard pressed to say what it might be in the cases of, say, Fidel Castro, Garry Wills and Voltaire.

William B. Neenan, SJ
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Panamanian presidency

To the editors:

Ken Bode should be informed that Omar Torrijos is not the President of Panama. He is an army general who came to power after the military coup d'etat in 1968 ("The Hero of Panama," *TNR*, Jan. 21).

The American press always refers to him in such terms, misleading the public. The President of Panama is Demetrio Lakas, appointed by the military.

M. B. Reyna
Storrs, Connecticut

Democracy for the Few

To the editors:

In his review of my book *Democracy for the Few* (*TNR*, Dec. 24 & 31, 1977) Melville J. Ulmer makes the false assertion that I offer no evidence to support my conclusions about the widespread injustices of the American politico-economic system. In fact, I presented a vast array of data and documentation on "the distribution of income and wealth, the structure of American industry, the functions of government, the political process, law enforcement and the role of the mass media," the very areas Ulmer says are treated with nothing more than empty rants.

I also offer an overall analysis of the difficulties of solving major social problems within the very system that is creating them. One can take issue with the analysis and the data, but one should not, as does Ulmer, try to cast disrepute on the book by presenting it as nothing but "argumentation" consisting of "a machine gun fire of assertion capped by broad generalizations which more often than not conflict flatly with the evidence. (The latter, of course, must be found elsewhere . . .)." I believe this is a rather dishonest statement by the reviewer.

When not resorting to snide characterizations and when not showing *himself* indifferent to the evidence, Ulmer employs another technique to make the

Full Length Coat of Soft Goat Skin
Beautifully detailed, with pockets, tie belt, button front and pleated back.
GENUINE LEATHER
Available in 3 colors:
Rosé, Black, and Medium Brown
SIZES 5/6-17/18
$250.00 VALUE
ONLY $99.00
PLUS $4.50 POSTAGE & HANDLING
WORLD SALES, INC.
P.O. BOX 1135
CRYSTAL BAY, NEVADA 89402
(702) 831-4303
Check Enclosed or Charge My
Mastercharge☐ Bankamericard☐ Visa
Card No. _____
Expiration Date _____
Signature X _____
Size _____ Quantity _____
Color _____
Name _____
Address _____
_____
Phone _____
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
PRICE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reader think that *Democracy for the Few* is not a serious work: he takes a great deal of space to discuss Charles Reich's *Greening of America*, of all things, then announces that my book is to be treated as a sequel to that work. He asserts that *Democracy for the Few* "is a reminder of the promised glories of Consciousness III and more especially of the present horrors of Consciousness II." But Reich's book and his peculiar typology are never treated and never mentioned in my book. Nor do I share Reich's glorified view of the counterculture.

Ulmer also has the bad habit of putting words in quotes and then ascribing them to others. He asserts that, like Reich, I deal with the "spirit of the frontier" and the "spirit of the Corporate State," and the assault on "stony soil." But these terms and concepts, although represented as being my words, never appear in *Democracy for the Few*. My book is not concerned with spirits but with describing and analyzing the dynamics and outputs of the American politico-economic system.

I just thought your readers might like to know that. They could never have guessed it from Ulmer's review.

Michael Parenti
Amherst, Massachusetts

In reply:

The main trouble with Michael Parenti's book is that it is a mine of misinformation leading to misguidance. Analysis is confused with extravagant declarations while documentation is identified with repeating what others have said, true or false. He so "documents" his reference (on page 104) to "the growing poverty of the 1960s and 1970s" and his assertion (on page 103) that "The much publicized 'war on poverty' of the 1960s brought no betterment to the millions living in destitution." The Bureau of the Census, which appartently Parenti did not wish to consult, reports that the proportion of families living in poverty declined by half (from 18.1 to 9.2 percent) during the 1960s through 1974. Despite the increasing population, the *absolute* number of poor families dropped from 8 million to 5 million. No praise now heaped on the book by its author can conceal its gross misrepresentations. Parenti's inability to find things to complain about without making them up suggests a poverty of the imagination—and also makes for a devilishly boring book.

As for a few quotations I cited from Reich's *Greening*, they were at no point attributed to Parenti. But even if, inexplicably, they were misread as such by anyone it would not have been seriously misleading. *Democracy for the Few* might have been improved with a little more of Reich's literary style in exchange for a good deal less of Reich's philosophy.

Melville J. Ulmer

Corrections

Profit from Prophecy

Because of a production error, "The Future Hustle" by James Henry in last week's New Republic *incorrectly stated that the sales revenue of Data Resources, Inc., reached two million dollars last year. The correct figure is $24 million.*

•

This poem was inadvertently printed without the last stanza in our January 28th issue. The correct version reads:

The Metaphysical Amorist

You are the problem I propose,
My dear, the text my musings glose:
I call you for convenience love.
By definition you're a cause
Inferred by necessary laws—
You are so to the saints above.
But in this shadowy lower life
I sleep with a terrestrial wife
And earthy children I beget.
Love is a fiction I must use,
A privilege I can abuse,
And sometimes something I forget.

Now, in the heavenly other place
Love is in the eternal mind
The luminous form whose shade she is,
A ghost discarnate, thought defined.
She was so to my early bliss,
She is so while I comprehend
The forms my senses apprehend,
And in the end she will be so.

Her whom my hands embrace I kiss,
Her whom my mind infers I know.
The one exists in time and space
And as she was she will not be;
The other is in her own grace
And is *She is* eternally.

Plato! you shall not plague my life.
I married a terrestrial wife.
And Hume! she is not mere sensation
In sequence of observed relation.
She has two forms—ah, thank you, Duns!—,
I know her in both ways at once.
I knew her, yes, before I knew her,
And by both means I must construe her,
And none among you shall undo her.

J. V. Cunningham

TRB, *from page 2*

away, ran into the "old boy" network. Muskie and Giaimo have great potential power; the proud heads of other committees must come to them for clearance and to push their claims. They don't like it a bit.

Back in 1975, when the budget reform was young, the Senate Budget Committee won a big victory over the Senate Armed Services Committee, cutting back its proposals. But in 1976 Russell Long rode over efforts at budget restraint. Chairman Muskie lamented that his colleagues "had scrimped and saved on the spending side of the ledger, and I cannot accept the failure of the Senate to act with similar restraint with respect to the revenue side."

The fact is, Russell Long has resisted the budget process pretty successfully all down the line, and other senators have gone along. Last year did not come to a personal Long-Muskie clash, but Muskie assailed "the nibbling at the public purse" and called the tax measure "the Christmas Tree bill."

In 1977 the issue was agriculture. Outgoing President Ford submitted a budget worth $2.3 billion for farm outlays. Mr. Carter accepted it. Congress nearly doubled that to $4.35 billion in its first resolution, and the amount continued to rise in the rest of the process. Undoubtedly there was a farm crisis which needed federal aid, but Congress proceeded in its old piecemeal fashion with only an embarrassed nod or two to the new reform process. Theoretically an increase here was matched by a budget reduction there, once the overall guidelines were fixed, but in 1977 and perhaps more in 1978, Congress found it easier to boost the deficit.

Alice Rivlin told the American Political Science Association she feared "the second budget resolution has become trivial." Representative Joseph Fisher, Democrat of Virginia and member of the Budget committee, said the farm amendments made a "mockery" of the budget process. Muskie said that if repeated "we can kiss the budget process good-bye." House Republicans have not helped; they generally take the position that they will vote against any budget total, making it a party matter. Russell Long has found a technicality by which the "point of order" is evaded. In short, the reform act was intended to force Congress to face the consequences of uncoordinated spending and tax decisions. So far it hasn't. Senator Muskie is giving it one more try.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Republic School & College Directory

Instruction

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE GRADUATE INSTITUTE in Liberal Education, an accredited institution approved for M.A. and teacher recertification. Twelfth annual summer session, June 25 - August 18. Small classes with open discussion of great books of western civilization. Write: Graduate Institute, Box 333, St. John's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical, non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017. (212) 889-7960.

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Good Causes

When an AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD drops out of school, chances for success drop abysmally. Futures for Children is a non-profit organization working to help keep Native American children in school. For $20 a month you can take part in a priceless endeavor, and get to know about a way of life here in America. Write for further information or begin a sponsorship today: *Futures for Children*, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109. Or call, toll-free, (800) 545-6843.

Of Interest to Women

THE ORIGINAL—GYM-NOTES ®! Future Nadias love our girls' gymnastics notepaper! Free sample. Strathmore, Box 4235 NRT Madison, Wisconsin 53711.

The Classifieds

Personals

WANTED - CONGENIAL, OUTDOORSY LADY, 45-55 age range to meet gentleman, 59, who has good health, travel trailer, uncontrollable urges for golf, fishing, amour. The New Republic Box 8635.

WINNING THE GAMES PEOPLE PLAY: HOW TO MASTER THE ART OF CHANGING PEOPLE'S BEHAVIOR. Reduce problem behavior—your own and others'—using modern psychological techniques. Interpersonal: marital, work, love, adult-child. Personal: habits, "will-power," new skills, productive use of time. $7.95 (soft cover), $12.95 (cloth bound). Include 50¢ handling. California residents add 6% tax. *Money-back guarantee.* MISSION PRESS, Dept. R101, Box 525, Kenwood, California 95452.

ATTRACTIVE COLORADO WOMAN desires considerate, loving law-student-to-be . . . FOREVER!

GAYS meet discreetly by phone nationwide. Thousands participating. Call GSF, NYC (212) 682-2024; California (213) 685-5857.

PROFESSIONAL; EXPERTISE: Healthy communication. Seeks slim woman 30's, Manhattan, Westchester. Confidential (914) 668-3737.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, AWARE Manhattan Female with diversified interests, looking to meet attractive, intelligent well-preserved male 45-55. 371-5617.

WARM, HONEST, SINCERE, together journalist from India, 34, slim, bachelor, highly educated, seeks compatible lady for permanent relationship. No bar. Write The New Republic Box 8600.

CAREER HOMEMAKER—Mid-50's, seeking traditional man willing to risk intimacy of marriage. Excellent cook, nester, conversationalist, wirter, golfer. The New Republic Box #8610.

HOUSTON to COSTA RICA. Drive my car. Apartado 3833 (Auto). San Jose, Costa Rica.

SEMI-RETIRED BUSINESSMAN, early fifties, seeks compatible female for leisurely Spring motorhome trip to West Coast. Itinerary flexible. Tennis, hiking, exploring. Detroit-Ann Arbor, area. The New Republic Box 8570.

Washington, D.C., YOUNG LADY LOOKING for sensitive, easy-going professional man with honorable intentions. The New Republic Box 8575.

LATIN LADIES seek friendship. Write "Latins" Box 1716-NR, Chula Vista, California 92012.

SAN FRANCISCO MAN, divorced, self-employed, seeks physically attractive local woman, 50's, independent intellect, droll outlook. (415) 921-7200.

LONELY! Meet new singles. Write: World, Box 3876-REP, San Diego, California, 92103.

HOW'S YOUR LOVELIFE? Discreet introductions. Couples-singles everywhere. Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pennsylvania 17402. (717) 845-1635.

DREAMERS: Writer/psychologist needs details your dream and feelings on waking. *Theory of Natural Therapy Through Dreams.* Will contact selected subjects. Willing analyze three dreams for $6. donation. The New Republic Box 8640.

CRAZY RICHARD'S PEANUT BUTTER World Famous - World's Finest! The Favorite of Statesmen, Celebrities, Gourmets. Great gift. 5 pounds $6.00 Shipped world-wide. Crazy Richard's Box 28, Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19004.

YOUNG MALE, Professional, to meet beautiful, attentive female. 212-734-5875 collect.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

ORIENTIAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

Et Cetera

CONGRESSIONAL TOP AGENDA
First) Bill to include Pregnancy-Care under Business Health Insurance Benefits and increase Pregnancy-Care that all needed American Women receive adequate Medical Assistance. Second) Energy Bill passage a Prerequisite for the Country.

KNOW WHICH WOMEN of historical importance shared your birthday. Send $5.00 to Carderock House, P.O. Box 686, Glen Echo, Maryland 20768.

ENGRAVED EXECUTIVE GIFTS UNDER $10.00. Send a stamped envelope for brochure. Paris Mountain Press, 7631 Juliette Low, Huntington Beach, California 92647.

JOIN JULIAN BOND, Gloria Steinem, Irving Howe, Victor Reuther; they're the New Socialists, working for social and economic justice through the Democratic Party. They're members of the DEMOCRATIC SOCIALIST ORGANIZING COMMITTEE, chaired by Michael Harrington. You don't have to be active in labor, feminist, civil rights or liberal movements to join (but, if you are, you'll find lots of company). Membership $15. Information: 853 Broadway, Suite 617A, New York, New York 10003.

HOW TO START that diesel engine in cold weather. Information: Diesel Start, P.O. Box 2079, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

PROBLEMS with raising your child ages 2 to 18 and need expert advise. You can get help from a professional in "Child Development." Send your question and $10.00 check or money order to: Dr. Graham P. Matthews, Yoke-Parent Counseling, 4-101 Monticello Drive, Athens, Ohio 45701.

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

PSYCHIC CAN BEWITCH (mesmerize) loved ones, others to your bidding. Write requests, donations appreciated. (503) 342-2210. Jamil, P.O. Box 10154, Eugene, Oregon 97401.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T-Shirts

JABBERWOCKY T-SHIRT. Words from Lewis Carroll's masterpiece of nonsense. Bandersnatch, jabberwock, vopal sword, slithy tove, manxome foe. White or blue (S,M,L) $5.00. Tempo, Box, 150B, Brice, Ohio, 43109.

Historical T-Shirts & Totes
Virginia Woolf, Bach, Nietzsche, Amelia Earhart, Mark Twain, George Sand, Susan B. Anthony, Freud, Emily Dickinson James Joyce, Beethoven, Wittgenstein, G.B. Shaw, Anais Nin, Plato, Marx, Mao, Mozart, Mahler, Tolkien, Colette, John Dewey, Einstein, Jung, Emma Goldman, Gertrude Stein, Bertrand Russell, Jane Austen, Oscar Wilde, Nijinsky, Dostoevsky, Anna Pavlova, Edgar Allan Poe.
T-Shirts - white cotton: sm(34-36) med(38-40) lg(42-44) x-lg(46-48) $6.00ea 4/$20.
Tote Bags (available only in the italicized names) natural color canvas 13" x 17" $9.50ea 2/$18. Canada: Add .50 per piece ordered
prices postpaid - make checks payable to
HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS
Box 55C Somerville, Mass. 02144

Bumperstickers

"NO COMMENT," "Ouch!", "Cope!", "Meditate," "Pray"—2/$1.50; 5/$3.50. The WRY Idea, San Diego, California 92122.

BUMPER STICKER PRINTING DEVICE. Cheap, Simple, Portable. Free Details. Bumper, POB 22791 (NW), Tampa, Florida 33622.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Literature

POEMS - 50¢ each. State category: Infinity, Humanity, Nature. Cedar, Box 61571, Vancouver, Washington 98666.

THE CHILDREN'S SEDER
Innovative, beautifully illustrated 34-page Hagadah for young families. $1.75/copy, $15.00/ten. Ronart Books, Box 46, Verona, New Jersey 07044.

IF YOU LOVE *good* writing: SSI brings you the world's best contemporary fiction every other month. Six fascinating issues, $10. (Canada, $12). SHORT STORY INTERNATIONAL, Box 928-M, Farmingdale, New york 11737.

RECENT USIC Educational Foundation publications include "The Moral Squalor of Marxism" by Philip Vander Elst; "A Test of Economic Dogma: The United States V. IBM," by James Grant; "The Magic of Planning," by Dr. William E. Cage, and "A View Of Solzhenitsyn," by Anthony Harrigan. For information on these and other publications available, write: USIC Educational Foundation, P.O. Box 2686, Nashville, Tennessee, 37219.

TNR Classified work. Your ad here would reach thousands of readers!

DOCTORS and NURSES candidly expose their professional and personal views on "joint practice" in 24 real-life cases showing how collaboration improves health care services. Paperback, by National Joint Practice Commission, AMA-ANA sponsored inter-professional organization. TOGETHER, $5.95 prepaid, from NJPC/EPIC, 9933 N. Lawlor Avenue, Skokie, Illinois 60076.

HOW TO REDISTRIBUTE Wealth-Power Structure, Morris Kramer Reports, The Concerned Person's Monthly Newsletter. Subscription $18.00 yearly, $2.25 monthly. Box 444N, Atlantic Beach, New York 11509.

"CHINESE WOMEN CRITICIZE CHIANG CHING: The Enemy of Women's Liberation". Special issue of China Reconstructs, a monthly magazine air-mailed direct from Peking. This issue 50¢, or free with $3 yearly subscription. Send payment with order to China Books and Periodicals, Dept. NR, 2929 - 24th Street, San Francisco, California 94110. Free catalong on request.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

HOW VIRGINIA REPUBLICAN pursued, got gay vote, supported NORML, yet did well in '77 delegate race. In Southern Libertarian Review. Send $1 & 13¢ stamp to: Vincent Drosdik, 1400 N. Meade St., #202, Arlington, Virginia 22209.

Out-of-Print Books

FICTION/NON-FICTION from stock or will search. Send wants + stamp: Friedman, Box 233, Tatamy, Pennsylvania 18085.

RARE AND FINE BOOKS. First editions - fiction and other categories. Catalog 4 now ready. $1, please. Do *you* have books to sell *me?* TITLES, INC., Box 342NR, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

Literary Services

WRITERS-"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 10011.

ENTERTAINMENT WRITERS: 4-page MS. "How to Get Published Writing About Entertainment" by professional Entertainment writer. $5 to Lorenzi, P.O. Box 322, Howell, New Jersey 07731.

DISCOVER NEW WRITING MARKETS. Profit from our exclusive assignment listings. Trial 6 issues, $5. "Freelancer's Newsletter" 15R Wynkoop (P.O. Box 128), Rhinebeck, New York 12572.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Pay for 2 ads - get #3 FREE!

Classified Information

IT'S NO SECRET
that TNR classifieds produce the results you're looking for. With a small additional investment, you can brighten your response even more with an eye-catching BOLD FACED HEADLINE, SIGNATURE or ILLUSTRATION!

I'll brighten up my ad:
- ☐ BOLD HEADLINE — $5 plus 70¢ per word
- ☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE — $10 plus 70¢ per word
- ☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET — $25 plus 70¢ per word (photo encl.)
- ☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED — 70¢ per word

(TNR Box Numbers - $4.50 extra)
See frequency rates next page.

Advanced payment enclosed $ _____
Please run my ad _____ times.

My ad reads: _____

Copy deadline 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Business Opportunities

NEWSPAPER FOR SALE

In San Francisco; 50,000 circulation. $100,000 will handle. William Scanlon, 405 Lakeshire Drive, Daly City, California, 94015. Established 1960. Contact owner after 6 p.m. (415) 992-1934 weekdays.

Employment Opportunities

TEACHERS, SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION: New opportunities, new responsibilities, new locations available in elementary and secondary independent schools - from East Coast to West Coast and overseas. Register with Sandoe & Associates, national teacher agency by calling 1-800-225-7986 toll free from outside Massachusetts or 617-262-5380.

Stationery

BUSINESS CARDS - (1,000) Raised Print, for $9.99. Send name, etc., check or m/o. No cash. To: Carew Printing, Commerce Building, Erie, Pennsylvania, 16501. Money Back Guarantee.

REQUEST OUR FREE IDEA-PACKED sampler showing discount priced printed business/social stationery. Jacques, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS - LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, silks, designer handprints. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free 800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

Gourmet/Cookery

RECIPES FOR EASY GOURMET DINNER $1.00 + SASE: Loew, 8408 C Charles Valley, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

FIVE SPECIAL MUSHROOM ENTREES, $1.00. Norma Rider, 2516 Pamela Drive, Anderson, Indiana 46012.

ELEGANT EASY dinner for eight. Send $1.50 for menu with 2 entrees and recipes. CAB, Box 7567, Spreckles, California, 93962.

Health

PSORIASIS SUCCESSFULLY TREATED without medication. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $7.50 Moneyorder to Sugar Hill, Port Carling, Ontario Canada POB 1J0.

"WINE" YOUR WAY TO GOOD HEALTH. $1. P.O. Box 392, Bricktown, New Jersey 08723.

QUIT SMOKING RATIONALLY. Booklet by J.M. Seidenfeld, Ph.D. $1.00 to NR, Box 8302, Boise, Idaho 83707.

TNR Classifieds work. You ad here would reach thousands of readers!

Toys/Games

FEATHER TRIMMED, MYSTERIOUS dancing PUPPETS, Magicians secrets included: Delightful Pair, $4.00 postpaid, Doherty, 205 East Oak, Tampa, Florida 33602.

CUSTOM CROSSWORDS

Individually made for your conventions, retreats, anniversaries, family occasions! Personalized terms, names, in-jokes, etc. Camera-ready. Write: Custom Crosswords, NR Odin House, Madison Minnesota, 56256.

Music

HANDSOME SET OF 60 music-oriented crossword puzzles. Original; high quality. $3.50; NY residents add sales tax. Onesime Piette, 320 Greenwood Place, Syracuse, New York 13210.

STRING QUARTET

Ceremonies - Receptions - Concerts. Haydn - Mozart - Waltzes - Ragtime - Pops. New England area. (617) 661-7708.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Arts/Crafts

The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size $35.

EUROPEAN STEEL ENGRAVINGS: Beautiful 19th Century reproductions. Limited Edition—Free Details. Photo Communication, P.O. Box 8472, Van Nuys, California 91409.

ITINERANT ARTIST

Period interiors painted - stenciled. Brochure. WIGGINS BROTHERS, Hale Road, Tilton, New Hampshire 03276. (603) 286-3046.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

Vacation/Travel

EAST PENOBSCOT BAY, MAINE. Three-bedroom house, beautiful wilderness surroundings on deep water inlet. Boats included. June-July. $500/two weeks. Hoyt, 808 Lafayette, N.E. Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106. (505) 268-4179.

PHOTOGRAPHIC TRIP - INDIA . . . OCTOBER. 23 Outstanding days. Noted Photographer. Small group. The New Republic Box 8625.

HIMALAYAN TREKS

Kashmir, Ladakh, Nepal. Magnificent mountains and remote cultures for the adventurous few. HIMALAYA, 3023 Franklin, San Francisco, California 94123 (415) 441-2933.

BACKPACK THE IDAHO WILDERNESS - David Petersen will be guiding nature trips into the untouched wilderness areas of Idaho. See the wilds of this beautiful country with this experienced and licensed guide. Equipment and meals provided. P.O. Box 9252, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

Property Sale/Rent

WATCH SURF from spacious, tasteful one-bedroom apartment, Crescent Beach, Florida. Beach, pool, tennis. Private boat ramp Intracoastal Waterway. $150/week or long-term. (904) 378-3542.

ACADEMICS, DIPLOMATS, professional and business people let their London homes through George Knight & Partners (the specialist rental agents of nearly 20 years good reputation) to those of similar life style from abroad. Ask for their helpful illustrated brochur. 9 Heath Street, London. NW3 6TP. Telephone 01-794-1125.

SABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing worldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place, Mt. Vernon, New York 10553.

UNSPOILED CULEBRA ISLAND, P.R., furnished waterfront home. Sleeps six. Swim, sail, bicycle, . . . Weekly. New Republic Box 8515.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	70¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year	65¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	60¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	55¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	50¢

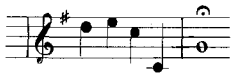
Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stay Away

Ever since I saw *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, I have been looking up at the stars and loudly whistling the signal-tune:

in hopes of making contact with the movie's sweet-smiling humanoids from Outer Space. I want to warn them: DON'T LAND THIS YEAR. IT'S DANGEROUS. I'm convinced that we Earthlings right now are entering one of our periodic nasty phases and that any well-meaning visitors from space would get a bad impression of us, probably with disastrous consequences. It's really best for them to continue limiting any encounters to distant ones of the first or second kind, and to reprogram actual landings of the mother-ship for another time, maybe in the 1980s.

Being from an advanced civilization, the creatures circling around up there naturally will want to land in the United States, but that's why I'm trying to warn them. I sense—and some polls bear me out—that the United States is heading into a hard dive to the right and that for a while we are not going to be very hospitable to aliens, no matter where they come from. We are moving into one of those periods, I think, when people forget what's good and decent and do the opposite out of compulsive orneriness. During the 1960s, for example, we Americans reaffirmed that all men were created equal, and began including women, too, but now we are swerving back on our word. The Supreme Court, usually so adept at finding things in the Constitution to suit its whims, can't find anything implicit covering women's rights, and the states, bewitched by Phyllis Schlafly, won't pass an explicit amendment. We accept black equality in principle, but we won't spend the money or the mental energy to make it a reality. We'd rather have a tax cut than fight poverty. We sang "We Shall Overcome" when civil rights was a southern problem, but a different tune when it came North. Feeble measures to help the victims of past injustice are being attacked as "unfair advantage" or "reverse discrimination." White people I know, onetime liberals, are indulging in racial slurs, none too carefully couched. Next, I expect bigot-chic.

I won't be surprised if we're fighting a nasty little war again soon. Just a few years ago, we Americans managed to get ourselves out of Vietnam, none too elegantly, and I thought we had agreed it was stupid, unnecessary and even immoral to have gotten in in the first place. But I sense revisionism and reassessment at hand. "Our mistake," it will soon be argued, "was in losing." I can envision a "Who lost Indochina?" debate in which the doves are placed on the defensive. The right turn has already begun. Americans don't worry anymore whether their country is imperialistic or militaristic. Who has even mentioned the "military industrial complex" lately? Trendy intellectuals are questioning, rather, whether America Has the Will to Perform Her Global Responsibilities. We spent 50,000 American lives proving how tenacious we are, but the pressure is on again to prove our nerve. For some reason, liberals want us to do it in Africa, whereas conservatives want a showdown in Panama.

Clearly, we are in a new phase in our dealings with the Soviet Union. The detente era lasted eight years, from 1968 to 1976, about half as long as the cold war. Now things are getting chilly again on Earth. No question, the Soviets had a lot to do with it. They aren't nice people, and space ships definitely would be advised to stay away from Moscow. But we are on the verge of losing our composure about their power and their possible intentions. We are increasing our defense budget, but some people want us to give up on disarmament agreements, too, as though we didn't have to live on the same planet with the Russians. Intellectually and politically, one is best-off appearing hard-nosed and tough-minded when talking about the Russians these days, and not soft-headed or wooly-minded. We are back to that. Already, I've seen the word "appeasement" used about people who aren't firm enough. Can loyalty hearings be far behind?

A few years ago, you'd have thought loyalty hearings impossible. That was about the time we caught up with Nixon, the CIA, the FBI and other marauders of our civil liberties. But what happened? One federal agent named Kearney may get prosecuted for the crimes of all—a kind of Calley in civvies. Nixon got pardoned. Helms got off. We named the FBI building after Hoover. Meanwhile, institutional reform has been overtaken by a new realization that this is a dangerous world where subversion, spying and security measures are necessary. The pendulum is swinging backward. All sorts of pendulums are swinging. We've stopped trying to rehabilitate prisoners and we're back to throw-away-the-key. People are being very idealistic about protecting unborn fetuses, but care not a whit about infant mortality rates or life prospects among those who get born. Indeed, there is a huge clamor for return of the death penalty. No, this is not the time for a visit by nice space creatures. We are in bad transition right now. We are in the post-civil rights, post-anti-poverty era, the post-peacenik, post-New Left, post-liberation, post-environmentalist, post-detente era, and I'm afraid the new wave is New Realism, New Right, New Racism.

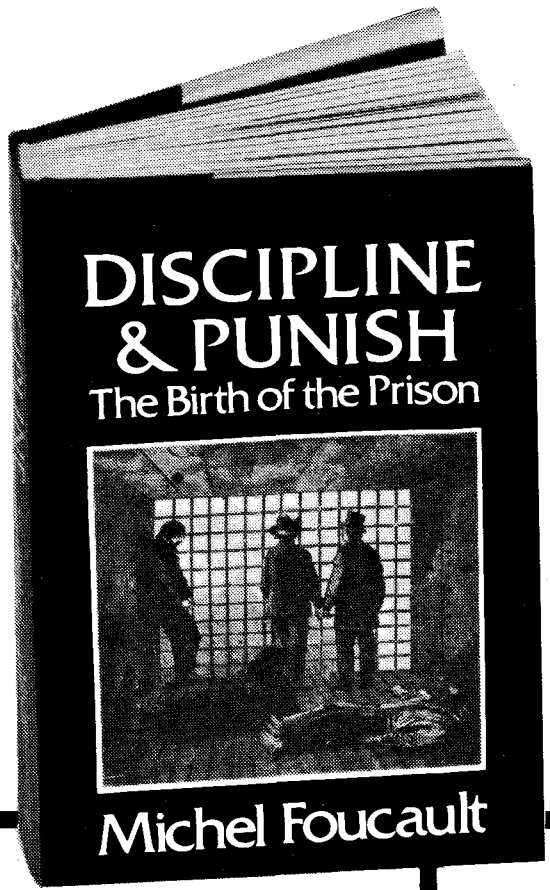
I had hoped I was wrong when Jimmy Carter was elected President. Such a nice man, so different, so moral, so other-worldly, it seemed almost as if we had taken one of the *Close Encounters* folk to *be* our leader. Alas, he has proved to be all-too earthly, just a little out-of-it politically. I'm afraid he will not lead us out of the New Reaction. I'm afraid he will not lead us at all.

Given this mood we are heading into, I am afraid we would not greet our visitors at all as pictured in *Close Encounters*—that is, in a friendly We-Are-Not-Alone spirit. Rather, we'd be more apt to reenact Washington's welcome of Mr. Klaatu, the man from Mars in the 1951 movie, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. We'd surround the arriving space ship with tanks, troops and cannon and have lasers, neutron bombs and atomic weapons at the ready. Instead of smiling back, as in *Close Encounters*, we'd probably shoot to kill. All Klaatu did to us was stop the world for 30 minutes and have his robot, Gort, melt a few tanks in retaliation. A visitor as trigger-happy as we are—say, some cowboy out of *Star Wars*—might zap our whole planet.

Why would a creature from space want to land now, anyway? The *Close Encounters* creatures seem to have come just to be chums. Michael Rennie, as Klaatu in *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, came to warn us, now that we had A-bombs and were heading for space, to stop acting like children. Either mission is wasted on us just now. Rather, WE SHOULD BE LEFT ALONE.

M.M.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Michel Foucault has found his appointed subject and has written his most successful book."*

Michel Foucault, author of the classic study, *Madness and Civilization* sweeps aside nearly three centuries of sterile penal debate to show us what prisons are today, and what they have always been—places which serve only to define, refine, and perpetuate crime.

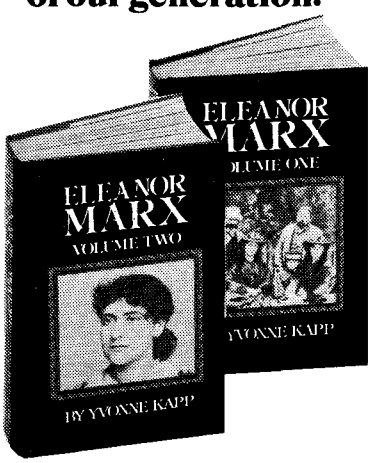
"Brilliant...a formidable exploration." —*Kirkus Reviews*

"Passionately argued, somber and dramatic...Shakes our confidence that our own humane methods are improvements."
—WALTER CLEMONS, *Newsweek*

*"**Fascinating**...A powerful and genuine originality of thought."
—CLIFFORD GEERTZ,
N.Y. Review of Books

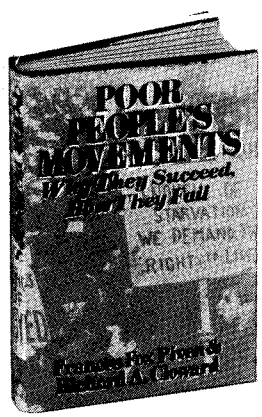
$10.95, now at your bookstore
PANTHEON

"One of the major biographies of our generation."*



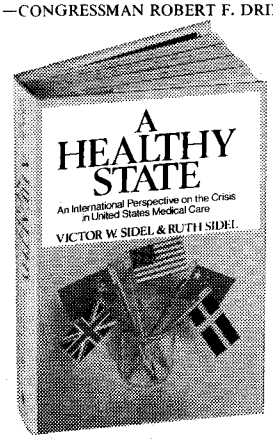
*"**Magnificent and definitive.** Anyone interested in Marx, the history of Socialism, women's emancipation or Victorian Britain will find it difficult to put down."
—E.J. HOBSBAWM, *The New Statesman*
Volume One: $10, cloth; $4.95, paper
Volume Two: $17.95, cloth; $6.95, paper

"The most exciting and important political study in years."*



*"**Essential reading**...It challenges the received wisdom about reform and social change. In particular, the discussions of the civil rights and welfare rights movements are gems."—S.M. MILLER, Chairman, Department of Sociology, Boston University. $12.95

"I have never seen a better case put together for a comprehensive national health plan."
—CONGRESSMAN ROBERT F. DRINAN



"The book we have all been waiting for...The Sidels have defined the issues."—QUENTIN YOUNG, M.D., Cook County Hospital. $10.95

NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK:

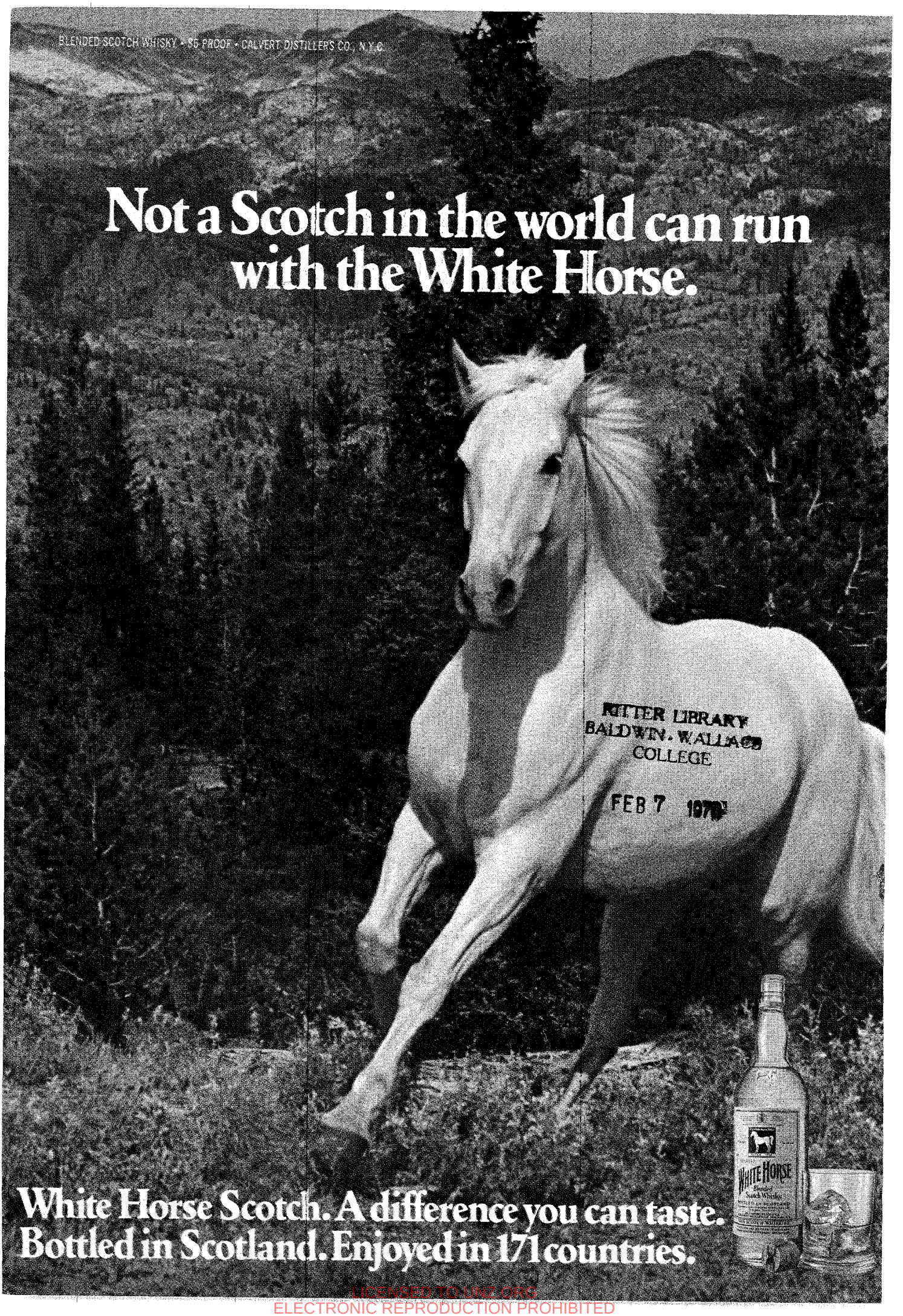
SARTRE ON THEATER by Jean-Paul Sartre. "A model of what real, dedicated scholarship should be...For the theater lover and the student of theater."—*The New Republic*. $3.95

LIFE/SITUATIONS: Essays Written and Spoken by Jean-Paul Sartre. "Bristles with intellectual vigor." —*Kirkus Reviews*. $2.95

SIMONE WEIL: A Life by Simone Pétrement. "The fullest and best-documented biography we have of a remarkable religious and social thinker."
—ALFRED KAZIN. $5.95

Now at your bookstore **PANTHEON**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.
Not a Scotch in the world can run with the White Horse.
RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE
FEB 7 1979
WHITE HORSE
Blended Scotch Whisky
White Horse Scotch. A difference you can taste.
Bottled in Scotland. Enjoyed in 171 countries.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED